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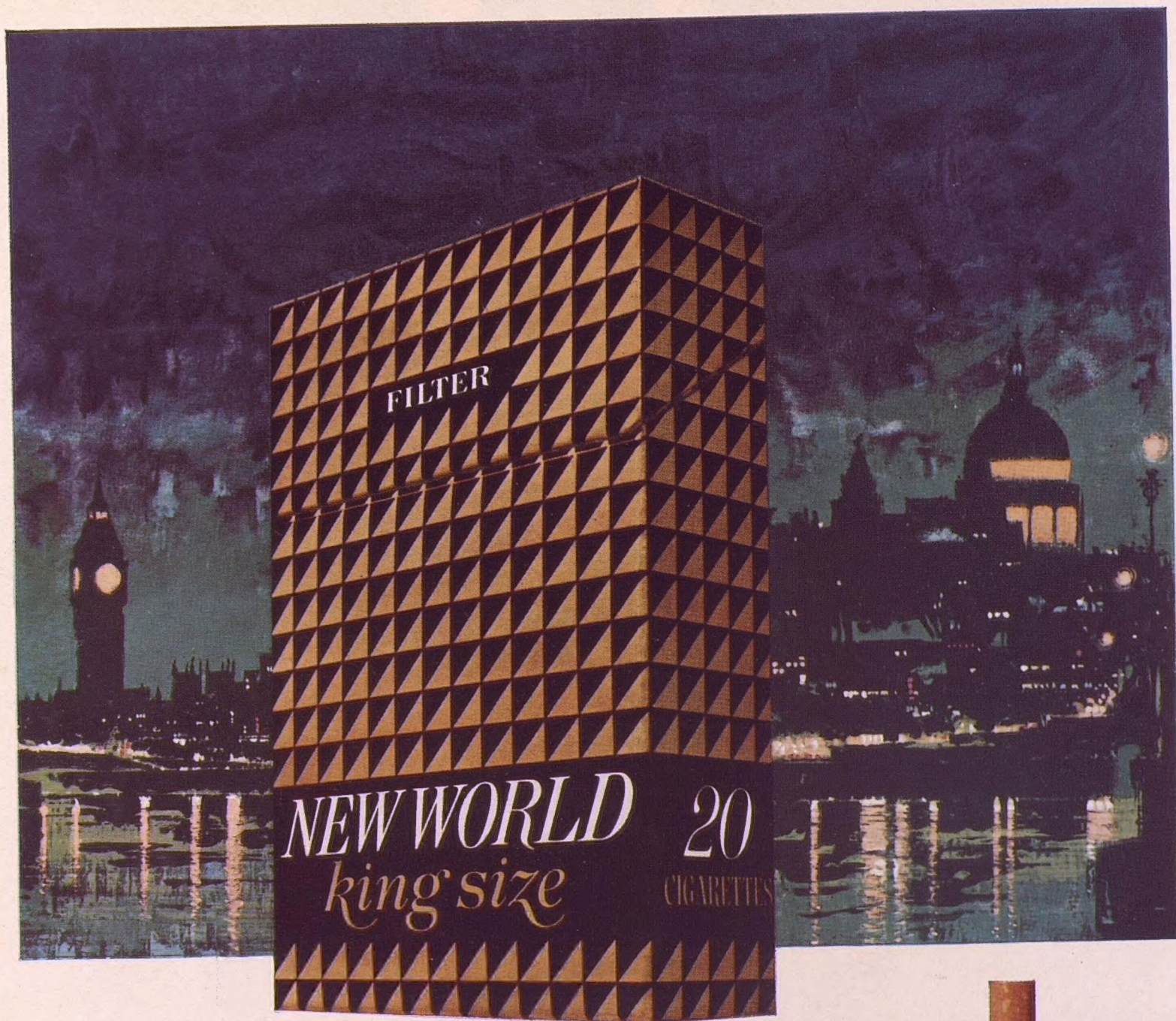
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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3268

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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Everything's coming up Shakespeare in this quatercentenary year and the first major shoots will blossom on 23 April, birth date of the Bard. The cover picture by Tony Evans highlights the Royal Opera House's contribution—the first of a series of performances of Benjamin Britten's operatic version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Elizabeth Vaughan as the bemused Tytania and Geraint Evans as Bottom with his new-grown ass's head. The same day sees the opening of the long-heralded Shakespeare exhibition on the banks of Avon. J. Roger Baker writes about it on page 154. Meantime theatres, cinemas, ballet companies and orchestras are ready to add their quota to the celebrations. For details of performances see page 130.

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Auf

Wiedersehen in Germany

YEAR OF FESTIVALS

This year Germany offers a wide choice of outstanding Operatic, theatrical, musical and folkloristic festivals, a short selection of which are mentioned here:

BERLIN FESTIVAL WEEKS

14th September to 4th October

Opera and Ballet by the 'Deutsche Oper', the New York City Ballet, the Hamburg State Opera and the Royal Opera Copenhagen. Symphony concerts. Art Exhibitions. Festival of Hit Songs.

BAYREUTH RICHARD WAGNER OPERA SEASON

18th July to 21st August

Staged by Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner with conductors Karl Boehm, Rudolf Kempe, Hans Knappertsbusch, Carlo Maria Giulini and Robert Heger.

HANNOVER-HERRENHAUSEN MUSIC AND THEATRE

30th May to 5th September

Plays by William Shakespeare and works by George Frederick Handel will be presented at Chateau Herrenhausen. Other highlights are the 18th Century Ballet with 200 dancers, in the famous baroque Gardens from 6th to 14th July. Orchestral and choral concerts as well as extensive illuminations complete the programme.

KOBLENZ OPERETTA FESTIVAL

4th July to 13th September

This year's festival at Koblenz has performances on a floating stage on the Rhine of Lehar's operetta 'The Merry Widow', daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Operatic, theatrical and musical performances will also be staged in the 'Blumenhof' and daily concerts given on the Rhine promenade.

MUNICH FESTIVAL WEEKS

17th July to 16th August

Performances in the National Theatre of works by Wagner, Mozart, Strauss, Handel and Egk; in the Cuvillies Theatre by Gluck, Stravinsky and Strauss.

LUDWIGSBURG CHATEAU FESTIVAL PLAYS

13th June to 27th September

The Stuttgart Chamber Music orchestra, the Festival Strings Lucerne, Juilliard String Quartet USA, Camerate Academica Salzburg. Plays by the Vienna Burgtheater. Lieder recitals by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. There will be two performances of Mozart's 'Entfuehrung aus dem Serail'.

Besides the above many other interesting festivals will be held in Germany.

1964



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GOING PLACES

This week, to some of the principal events, nation-wide, that will mark Shakespeare's quatercentenary

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

Commemoration Service. Southwark Cathedral, 17 April.
Shakespeare Pageant, Southwark, 18 April.

Stratford-on-Avon, special celebrations, 21-28 April.

Birthday Ceremony in the Painted Room, 31 Cornmarket St., Oxford, 23 April.

Quatercentenary Ceremony, Cannock, 23 April.

Shakespeare Pilgrimage, Southwark, 25 April.

Commemoration Service (address by the Archbishop of York), Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, 26 April.

Quatercentenary Festivals: Southwark, 18 April-2 May; Barnstaple, 19-24 April; Tunbridge Wells, to 25 April; Lincoln, to 25 April.

THEATRE

Royal Shakespeare Company's International Season, Aldwych, to 13 June.

National Theatre: *Othello* with Olivier, from 21 April.

Chichester Festival Theatre: Festival Theatre Company, Stratford, Ontario. *Love's*

Labour's Lost, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Timon of Athens, to 25 April.

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon: *Wars of the Roses, Richard II, Henry IV (1 & 2), Henry V,* from today.

Bristol Old Vic: Shakespeare Theatre Festival, to 16 May.

Northampton Repertory Theatre: anniversary production of *King John*, 5-16 May.

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre: *Henry V*, 27 May-11 July; *Taming of the Shrew*, 15 July-15 August.

Nottingham Playhouse: *Sir Thomas More* by Shakespeare and others, from 10 June.

Mermaid Theatre. Elizabethan Drama Season, 22 April-29 August.

Edinburgh Festival: Bristol Old Vic, *Henry V, Love's Labour's Lost* from 24 August; Theatre Workshop, *Henry IV* from 17 August.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden: Shakespearean trio, *The Dream, Images of Love, Hamlet*, 7.30 p.m., 24, 28, 29 April, 11, 14 May.

Covent Garden Opera: *Otello*, 17, 20 April; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 23, 25, 27, 30 April; *Falstaff*, 1, 4, 6, 9 May.

Royal Festival Hall: Hallé, cond. Barbirolli, Shakespeare programme, 8 p.m., 22 April;

Shakespeare Birthday Concert, Philharmonia, cond. Lawrence Leonard, with Sir Donald Wolfitt, 8 p.m., 23 April; L.S.O., cond. Monteux, Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet*, 8 p.m., 24 April.

EXHIBITIONS

"Image of Shakespeare", National Portrait Gallery, 18 April to end of June.

"Shakespeare in Art," Arts Council Gallery, to 9 May.

"Shakespeare & Southwark," Cuming Museum, Southwark, 18 April to July.

Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Exhibition, 23 April-5 August; Edinburgh, 18 August-5 October; London, from 26 October.

Rare Shakespeare Books & MSS, New Shakespeare Centre,

Stratford-on-Avon, 23 April-20 June.

British Museum, Shakespeare books and MSS, 23 April-1 July.
British Theatre Museum, Leighton House, Kensington: Costumes and sets from the National Theatre's *Hamlet*.

"Shakespearean Inheritance," Northampton, 2 April-16 May.

Quatercentenary Exhibitions: Victoria & Albert Museum, 23 April to July; Birmingham Art Gallery, 2 April-20 May; Bristol University, 27 April-16 May; Ulster Hall, Belfast, 30 April-16 May.
"The Age of Shakespeare Exhibition," Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester, 5-30 May.
Flower Arrangement Exhibition on theme "The Plays of Shakespeare," Berkeley Castle, Glos, 8-10 May.

"Shakespeare on the Stage Exhibition," Guildhall Art Gallery, 27 May-27 June.

BALL

Anniversary Ball, Stratford-on-Avon, 23 April.

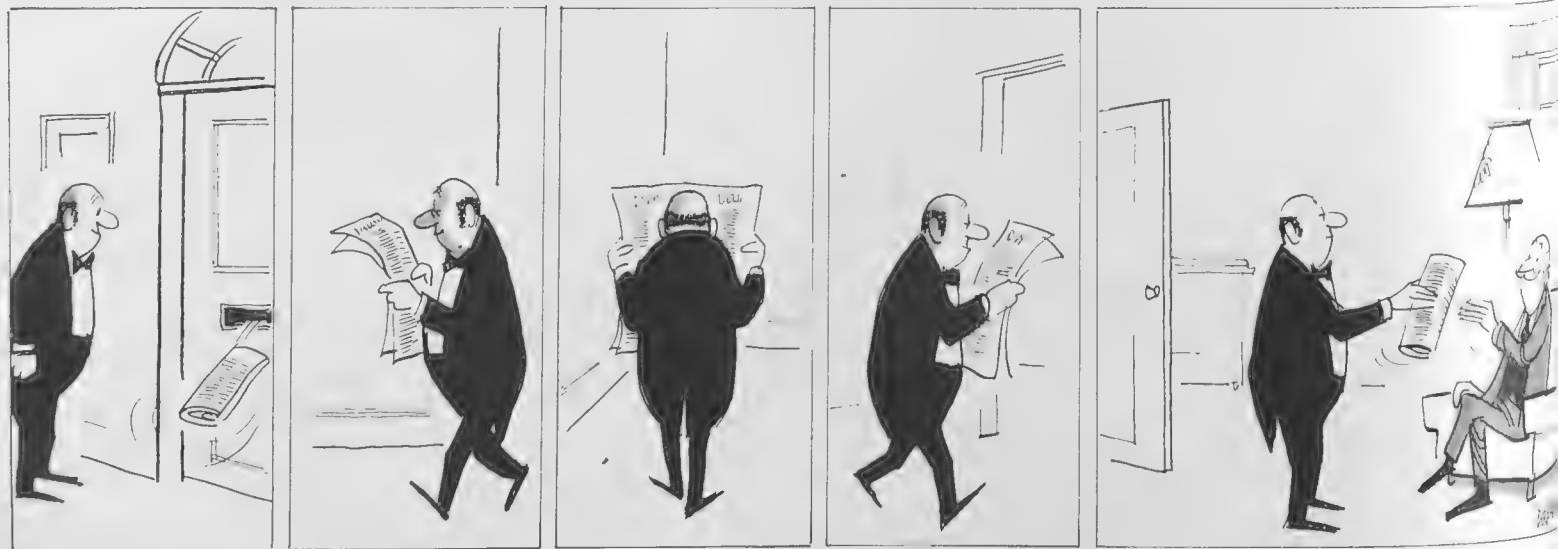
FILMS

Classic Cinema, Fiske Street: *Romeo & Juliet*, from 6 April; *Richard III*, from 10 April.



Shakespeare comes up in three ballets at Covent Garden. In *Images of Love*, Kenneth Macmillan's sonnet-inspired piece, several leading dancers appear, among them (here) Lynn Seymour, Rudolf Nureyev and Christopher Gable. See also page 173.

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GOING PLACES

PLAYING IT COOL

Perhaps mistakenly, I take for granted our national passion for heat and sunshine. Since we travel abroad to escape what we know (or do we?) I had always imagined the chief climatic bogey to be rain: "It feels like an insult from the Almighty" an English expatriate living in Cannes once said to me. So to my immense surprise, three different lots of people have asked me recently about places which they feared might be *too hot* in high summer. They included southern Spain, Jordan, and Greece. This Anglo-Saxon *cri de coeur*, could not, I felt, be ignored.

First of all, Spain, and I shall bracket with it Morocco and the Algarve, since so many people make a triple deal of it. The places which, in winter, can be the coldest frequently turn out in summer to be the hottest, and so I would avoid the cities of Seville and Granada. The Costa del Sol is pretty hot, no doubt of that, but it is a dry heat. In July and August, though, the Algarve might be the better bet since it is an Atlantic coast and the ocean itself is degrees cooler, as is the breeze that blows off it. The Moroccan coast, also Atlantic, has two main seasons: February/April, and July/August. It is in this summer season that many French people come down to Casablanca and its resorts from a steamy Paris. It is not really any hotter than the French Riviera and, since there is a good deal more beach space, it is less crowded, body for body. As to the interior, it is hard to say. I went to Marrakech in early June last year, warned that I should bake. I can only say that I unpeeled gratefully in every patch of sunshine I found, but then 1963 was rather a freak. So perhaps not August itself, but up until the end of July northern Morocco should be quite bearable. The hotels of the south, bordering the desert, close from April to November. Jordan is very dry, even when hot; the average July temperature is between 75 and 80 degrees. Facilities in Petra, one of the chief objects of a visit to Jordan, have much improved since I was there two years ago: there is now a newer

and more comfortable rest house. On the other hand a good deal of walking and climbing is involved—so the situation is rather *à point*; Petra is undoubtedly a good deal more enjoyable in spring or autumn. A splendid new hotel, the Al Urdan, has opened in Amman, Jordan's capital, with air conditioning and a huge swimming pool, which makes it agreeable for summer visitors.

Beirut, whose winters are the mildest of all the eastern Mediterranean cities, can be humid in high summer, but the hill towns immediately behind the city are deliciously cool and that is where, if I were visiting the Baalbek Festival in August/September, I would choose to stay. Beirut society shifts there *en masse* to private villas after mid-July, and through most of September.

Of Greece, it depends in what part of the country. Between late July and September, Athens can get quite oven-like, Corfu can be steamy, but the islands of the Cyclades—Mykonos and Paros—are ideal. In spite of little or no shade, the stiff wind (which blows at its stiffest in August) prevents any kind of uncomfortable heat.

However, those who truly dislike the heat but yet are forced to holiday in August should perhaps ignore the Mediterranean altogether, and consider Scandinavia. The brief, high summer season of the Finnish Lakes, the Norwegian fjords and the Swedish coast has pleasures of its own. The long, long days melt into a brief flamingo-pink dusk and as quickly into dawn; and there are now several excursion flights from the chief cities which take you up into the Arctic Circle to see the Northern Lights: which are something to see, at least once in a lifetime. Bergen, the old west coast capital, is one of the most beautiful parts of Norway's vast, fjord-inlet coastline. One of the easiest trips to make is up Sognefjord, reaching Balestrand by early evening. Spend a night or two at the hotel there. This inland-water resort is at the confluence of several fjords, and its glacial calm and snow-capped mountains—the



ABROAD

snow never quite melts—make it a glorious setting for sailing, or simply paddling around in a rowing boat of your own. It has a stillness, a peace and quiet which are almost unmatched in the south. Lane's Travel Service (251 Brompton Road) do a hire-and-self-drive holiday based on Bergen. Charges are £59 16s. each for two people, including hotel accommodation on the nights of arrival and departure (by scheduled airline) and 14 days' use of the car, with 1400 kilometres free.

Another thought is to combine a few days in Copenhagen

(which is very much a summer city) with the ferry trip across to Malmö, on the south western coast of Sweden, taking your car with you. Malmö is a neglected but lovely city, and the littoral stretches north as far as Strömstad. There are small and unsophisticated places, plus some good hotels, but a great advantage to families is that you can rent a chalet for as little as 12 gns a week. The Swedish Tourist Office, 53 Conduit Street, will let you have all the details.

Finally, Finland; Erna Leht (47, Old Brompton Rd.) offers an interesting 10-day holiday with three nights in Helsinki and a seven-day cruise through the Finnish lakes, for £45 including the return flight and, of course, all food and accommodation.



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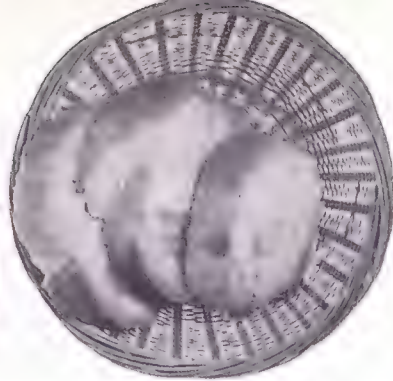
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GOING PLACES

SUCCESSFUL TRANSPLANT



TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table **Chez Victor**, 45, Wardour Street, just out of Shaftesbury Avenue. C.S. (GER 6523.) The last time I went to this restaurant, which I knew first in the days when its name was Brice, was with a Frenchman from Orleans and a film actor. As we sat down the first said "I might be at home," and the second "just like a set from Maigret." Both were making the same point, that in decor and atmosphere it is transplanted from the French provinces. Mercifully, the patron has not sought to modernize it with the passage of the years. The pictures of Marshal Foch and young Colonel de Gaulle still adorn the walls, along with Fougasse's "Careless Talk Costs Lives."

The menu, immaculate like the napery, sets out a range of completely French dishes. I can commend the onion soup 4s. 6d., the *omelette maison* 7s. 6d. as a main course, and the tripe done in the fashion of Normandy. Main dishes range from 9s. to 11s. 6d. I have heard the *moules* highly praised. There is a short wine list, including a sound and reasonably priced

Sichel Beaujolais. The service is as a Frenchman likes to have it. One word of warning. Should you be calling upon a lady later in the day avoid the admirable salad, unless she also likes garlic. W.B.

Grosvenor Hotel restaurant, Victoria (VIC 9494). A place that takes the trouble to maintain a high quality cold table is worthy of commendation, and the Grosvenor is one of them. Smoked salmon, lobster, salmon, beef, tongue, pressed beef, pies, turkey and chicken are usually to be found on it. I would also bring to the notice of wine lovers the fact that the list here includes a 1959 Bourgogne Aligote at 16s. a bottle, a Bouchard Puligny Montrachet of the same year at 25s. and a Château la Tour Martillac Graves 1955 at 30s. It is also a restaurant where neither elderly people nor children are regarded as a nuisance.

Hove haven

I have an affectionate memory of the **Dudley Hotel**, Lansdowne Place, Hove (HOVE 36266) because my wife and I spent a happy week-end there when I came back from the Middle East in 1944. It was pleasant to

go back and find the same friendly welcome, with high standards of service everywhere. The bedrooms, recently redecorated and refurnished, are as elegant as they are comfortable, the public rooms spacious, and the bar pleasant. I ate a well-cooked dinner, which is 15s. 6d. or *à la carte*, and have particular praise for the melon and the fish. The wine list is of high quality, containing wines at prices that seem moderate by present standards, including two particularly good Alsatian wines. The Dudley has the merit of being just off the front, which means that one escapes most of the traffic noise. A single room with private bath and breakfast is £3 3s. There is a service charge of 10 per cent.

Wine note

Anyone who has been to France will know the familiar sign of Etablissements Nicolas, the country's largest wine merchant and supplier of Vin Ordinaire—Le Bon Pinard—to countless homes. Now these wines are on sale here. Four will be available in litre bottles. A white, "Chassepre," and a red, "Canteval," both at 8s. 9d.

a litre; a higher strength red, "Vieux Ceps," at 9s. 3d. a litre, and a rosé, "Sciatio" at 9s. 9d. a litre. The wines are being shipped and bottled here by Grants of St. James's, through Nicolas-Grants, the company formed jointly in December last year by Grants of St. James's and Etablissements Nicolas. They are being distributed throughout Britain by retail organizations associated with Grants including Victoria Wine, My Cellar and Baileys' wine shops. They will also be available in many hotels and public houses.

In France, Etablissements Nicolas sells half-a-million bottles of wine a day through its chain of 400 shops, and these four *vin ordinaires* have been chosen from among them. As in that country, the alcoholic strength is shown on the labels, and the litre bottles have tear-off, tinfoil caps.

. . . and a reminder

Tung Hsing, 22 North End Road—opposite Golders Green Station. (SPE 5990.) For those who like high quality Chinese cooking of the Peking, Szechuan and Yanchow schools.
Tun of Port, 31b Holland Street. (WES 9277.) Decor from Tom Jones. Food both English and French and good at that.
Colony, Berkeley Square. (MAY 1657.) Recently

redecorated. Worth remembering for luncheon as well as dancing at night.

Angus Steak House, Hyde Park Square. (PAD 5167.) The latest in their chain, and up to the high standard they have set themselves.

Trattoria a Trastevere, 103 Walton Street, S.W.3. (KEN 1356.) Specializes in the cooking of Rome. Small, cheerful and friendly.

Mignon, 2 Queensway. (BAY 0093.) One of the very limited number of restaurants in London that really understands Hungarian cooking—with Hungarian music at night.

La Fontana, 89 Pimlico Road, opposite Casa Pupo. (SLO 6630.) A good meal can be had for half-a-guinea, with courteous service and comfortable surroundings.



Peppino Leoni came to England 57 years ago this month and by October 1926 had saved enough money (he began by scrubbing saucepans) to open his Quo Vadis restaurant in Dean Street. He still works a 17-hour day and as well as running his own business he is responsible for catering at the Italian Hospital

PAUL VINCENTI

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MERIEL MARRIES

It is a moment specifically reserved for the father of the bride—that testing time when the house is quiet, when all the preparations have been made and when the wedding guests are already waiting at the church. Sir Alec Douglas-Home handled the situation with the imperturbability that is characteristic of his office as Prime Minister. His daughter, Merial, shared his calm as they waited together at The Hirsell, Berwickshire home of the Douglas-Home family, before going to the nearby church of St. Mary & All Saints for her marriage to Oxford don, Mr. Adrian Darby. Turn overleaf for more wedding pictures by Barry Swaebe. Muriel Bowen writes about the wedding on page 142



MERIEL MARRIES

continued



1 Mrs. James Wolfe Murray, sister of the bride, with Mr. Brian Johnston of the B.B.C. who is godfather to the bride

2 Miss Caroline Douglas-Home, sister of the bride and a Lady in Waiting to the Queen Mother

3 The Dowager Countess of Home and her son, the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, uncle of the bride

4 The Hon. Mrs. William Douglas-Home, wife of the playwright, with her daughters, Sarah, 9, and Gian, 5

5 Mr. Martin Dunne, best man to Mr. Adrian Darby

6 Miss Griselda Dunne, aunt of the bridegroom, with Rev. Dr. Austin Farrer, Warden of Keble. The bridegroom is an economics tutor there

7 Lady Douglas-Home, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, slipped off her shoes and climbed on a chair to photograph her daughter

8 One for the family album: Sir Alec and Lady Douglas-Home, their son David behind them, watch bride and bridegroom cut the cake







THE BRIDE FROM THE HIRSEL

BY MURIEL BOWEN

More than 1,000 people braved a chill north-east wind to see the wedding of Miss MERIEL DOUGLAS-HOME, the girl who in a matter of a brief few months has put her own indelible stamp on 10, Downing Street, with her ultra-mod shiny black mac, her black sweaters, black stockings and her guitar.

Miss Douglas-Home, the 24-year-old second daughter of the Prime Minister & Lady Douglas-Home, was married at the Scottish Episcopal church of St. Mary & All Souls at Coldstream, Berwickshire. The little church with the imposing name is known locally as the "Tin Tab," a name which dates from the former church which was built of tin.

The bridegroom was Mr. ADRIAN DARBY, son of COL. CYRIL DARBY & the late Mrs. DARBY of Kemerton Court, Tewkesbury, Glos. For somebody whose life is well sheltered from publicity—he is an economics tutor at Keble College, Oxford—Mr. Darby took the whirr and click of television cameras completely in his stride.

When she arrived at the church Miss Douglas-Home looked surprised at the size and nearness of the crowd, but she gave a warm smile through her veil. She had always wanted a "quiet wedding" and to be married from The Hirsal, the family home at Berwick. Being married from No. 10 was something she never considered at all. Local residents among the crowd gathered at the church were not backward in expressing their pleasure that she should have got married among them and not had a big society wedding in London.

Miss Douglas-Home's wild silk dress was classically cut and simple. According to her mother, Meriel had steeped the lace cuffs in a pot of tea in a bathroom at No. 10 to get them just the right colour! She wears beat clothes so well that there were some doubts beforehand among her friends as to how the classically cut wedding dress would look. In fact she never looked so pretty. But it was the Meriel the public knows best when she left London Airport for a honeymoon in Gibraltar next day. She wore a green headscarf, blue suede coat, and blue lace stockings!

THE SWINGING HOME

Back at The Hirsal it was a family party of about 80 people. Little SHOLTO

DOUGLAS-HOME (son of Robin) looked round for the best tails to swing on and picked the Prime Minister's. The bride's brother, David, in full wedding fig was having to wind down the lift manually so as to release that all-important person, NANCY the cook, who had got stuck between floors. As David puffed towards the end of his 10-minute chore a commentary, in Peter O'Sullivan at Aintree style, was made from a landing by the bride's godfather, BRIAN JOHNSTON. Indeed Mr. Johnston and his brother, HENRY, were enjoying the wedding so much that when a chair caught fire, through being pushed too close to an electric heater, they never noticed the smoke coming up between them.

The professionals were not the only photographers. Lady Douglas-Home had her own camera. Only once she left it—as the cake was being cut. Otherwise she was clicking away, kicking off her shoes now and then to mount a chair and get a better view. While most of us grin and bear it when it comes to family weddings the Douglas-Homes revel in the jostling excitement and the inevitable breakdowns of it all. No wonder they all looked sad as the bride drove away. It was the end of a marvellous party.

NEW FOR EPSOM

Epsom racecourse is to have a new £2 million grandstand. It should be a great boon for Derby Day when the crowds are such that not everybody in the reserved enclosure can get a good view of the race. This is one of several new ideas at Epsom, another being aluminium guard rails on the course instead of timber. The Epsom racecourse authorities have a reputation for being go-ahead, so there is good reason to hope that the new stand will have restaurants that are really attractive, and that there will be comfortable rest rooms. With few exceptions, of which York comes immediately to mind, racing in this country is far from being the delightful outing it is in the United States because of the general lack of comfort and attractive facilities.

THE FASHION IN SAILS

A cable from Australia brings news of *Kurrewa V*, our newest 12-metre yacht and the latest hope for the America's Cup in September. The owners, Mr. JOHN and Mr. FRANK LIVINGSTONE, tell me that in the interests of time they are having no formal launching party in Glasgow. Indeed by the day this is in print *Kurrewa V* should be in her natural element.

For her America's Cup campaign the boat will be in the hands of Mr. OWEN AISHER, that dynamic personality of the 5.5 metre world, and Commodore of the Island Sailing Club at Cowes. He tells me he will be putting her in the water

COMMITTEE COCKTAILS

The committee meeting for the forthcoming Red Hat Ball was held at the London home of Sir William and Lady McFadzean

1 Sir William McFadzean, whose wife is ball chairman, and daughter, Mrs. Robin Donald, secretary to the executive committee

2 Miss Sandy Brennan and Miss Angela Wood, both ball committee members

3 Committee member Miss Vivienne Bangert



A jeweller's box holds a piece of gold donated by Mr. Charles de Temple, who will fashion it into any piece of jewellery chosen by the winner of the lucky programme draw at the Red Hat Ball. See *Committee Cocktails*

at Southampton next week and sailing her during May and June between The Nab, the Outer Forts, the Owers Light vessel and the Winner Bank off Chichester. The main consideration of the first few weeks will be getting the right sails. "Having the wrong sails is just as bad as turning up at a ball with the wrong dress—you can't win," explains Mr. Aisher.

The other new 12-metre, Mr. TONY BOYD's *Sovereign*, launched last year, has started a series of practice races with the defeated 1958 challenger, *Scepter*. *Sovereign*'s crew includes many stalwarts from the Rugby field who are reported to be full of optimism. It should be the yachting spectacle of the year at home waters when *Kurrewa V* and *Sovereign* meet off the south coast for the first time probably sometime in June. Unfortunately neither boat will be here during Cowes Week as they are being shipped to America a couple of weeks beforehand.

MORE PIANOS PLEASE

There is a great need among students for pianos on which to practice in Central London. SIR GILMOUR JENKINS, chairman of the London Philharmonic, and strong supporter of music in general, has been telling me about it.

"There are hundreds of pianos in central London which are not used at all and which are deteriorating in consequence," Sir Gilmour told me. "If people were to lend them to students vouched for by the music colleges, they would be filling a great need." People in places like Croydon keep offering their pianos, Sir Gilmour tells me, but the real need is near the music colleges, in Marylebone, Kensington, Chelsea, and Westminster.

Students who play violins, violas, not to mention trombones, are also short of a place to practise. They, of course, bring their instruments with them. But the biggest need is among the piano players. A practical point about the whole idea which will appeal widely is that the students are willing to do

shopping, baby-sitting, car-washing and shoe cleaning in exchange for a couple of hours practise a week. Those willing to make their pianos available should get in touch with Miss Jean Stewart, 123 George Street, London, W.1.

AGAIN THE BERKELEY

A massive reminder that the season has officially begun arrived this week with the annual Berkeley Dress Show held on two afternoons at the Berkeley Hotel to benefit the funds of the N.S.P.C.C. It was under the chairmanship of Mrs. Penelope Kitson. Eighteen of this year's debutantes paraded in dresses from the Spring collection of Christian Dior (London). The girls were chosen from a prospective entry of 109 and among the unbiased judges was TATLER fashion editor Miss Unity Barnes. A professional touch to the actual parade was given by the fact that the girls received a three-day crash course at the Lucy Clayton school beforehand. An interesting point arising from this year's show is the possibility that debutantes are getting slimmer. Of the vital statistics requested by the N.S.P.C.C. and the Berkeley Press Office more than 100 forms were returned listing size as "small 12" against height "around 5 ft. 8 in."

GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1964

High point of the committee meeting for the Red Hat Ball—it will be held at Grosvenor House on 12 May—was the display of a gold nugget donated by jeweller Charles de Temple (see picture top left) who will make it into any piece of jewellery chosen by the winner of the lucky programme competition at the ball. The committee meeting was held at the London flat of Sir William and Lady McFadzean who is the ball chairman. Lady McFadzean was unable to be present due to illness, but her daughter, Mrs. Robin Donald, secretary to the executive committee of the Ball, helped to receive guests. The annual Red Hat Ball helps raise money for the Christ Church (Oxford) United Youth Clubs.

A SHROPSHIRE GARDEN

Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver and Lady Leese are again opening to the public the beautiful gardens of their home, Lower Hall, between Bridgnorth and Wolverhampton on Sundays and on Bank Holiday Mondays and Tuesdays until the end of September. 24,000 people visited Worfield Gardens last year. This year new attractions include an old-fashioned rose garden, a Spanish garden, an Alpine diorama and a collection of cactus and succulent plants. The museum now houses Lady Leese's collection of tea-pots. Parents with young children are well catered for with donkey rides, pets' corner, playground, and the essential tea-house.



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

PAINTINGS IN SPRINGTIME

The Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours opened at their Conduit Street Galleries

1 Lady Patricia Ramsay exhibited four paintings. With her is the Society's President, Mr. Robert Austin

2 The Hon. Arnold Palmer, an honorary member with artist Miss Mona Moore

3 Mrs. Cecilia Simmons, who was the model used by Sir William Russell Flint for his painting *Variations VI*, seen behind her

HIGH JUMPS AT THE DOWNLANDS



In harsh April weather that cut the 87 entries by more than 30, Miss Sarah Whitmore went on to win the open class on her 8-year-old chestnut gelding Foxdor in the Downlands Horse Trials at Woolmer Farm, Bramshott, Liphook, Hants

- 1 Mrs. N. Robertson, a fence judge, sends a message to cross-country control by rider Miss Judith Brown
- 2 Carola, left, and Juanita, 14-year-old twin daughters of Major & Mrs. P. Standish, both executive officers of the Downlands, console a wet pony
- 3 Major D. Allhusen, on his 7-year-old Lochinvar, comes up to the Logs in the cross-country
- 4 Miss J. Graham-Clark takes a jump on 10-year-old Priam owned by Mr. H. Graham-Clark
- 5 Miss Sarah Whitmore, winner of the open class, receives the Brickwoods Challenge Trophy from Lady Brickwood
- 6 Mrs. Charles Shippam, a fence judge, with daughter Pauline
- 7 Lady Hugh Russell takes her 6-year-old Ballybricken over the Tiger Trap



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

"I'm just a bit alarmed and rather apprehensive about it; but it's a tremendous honour for my husband." Thus Lady O'Connor on the appointment of her husband, General Sir Richard Nugent O'Connor, as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He succeeds the Duke of Gloucester. The appointment was a complete surprise. "We could not have been more astonished," Lady O'Connor told me.

The General Assembly, held each year for ten days during May in Edinburgh, is Scotland's largest and most important ecclesiastical gathering. It has a thorough-going social side as well and a good deal of the responsibility for the success of this falls on the Lord High Commissioner and his wife. During the Assembly, as representatives of the Queen, they stay at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Says Lady O'Connor: "there is entertaining every single night—and a lot of people staying as well."

AT THE PALACE

Sir Richard, who is Lord Lieutenant of Ross & Cromarty, has been a guest at the Palace on previous occasions and he and his wife should have been there last year but illness prevented the visit. Lady O'Connor—a happy mixture of Irish and English (her husband is an equally happy mixture of Irish and Scots) is Sir Richard's second wife and has lived at Rosemarkie for only about a year. Before that she was in London, but already she is very enthusiastic about life in Scotland. "I like gardening and country life," she told me. "And we have a beautiful view looking over the Moray Firth." Lady O'Connor has already chosen the three maids-of-honour who will help her with her social duties. They are Miss Cleodie Macdonald from Skye; Miss Victoria Ross from Edinburgh (both are nieces of Sir Richard); and the Hon. Sarah Maclay from Renfrewshire.

THE YOUNGEST AIRLIE

Just back at Airlie Castle near Kirriemuir after two-and-a-half months abroad, are the Earl & Countess of Airlie. "We missed that mild winter and came back to snow," said Lady Airlie regretfully, then added, "but we are very pleased to be back."

They were staying in South Africa with Lord Airlie's sister and also spent some time in East Africa. Lady Airlie, who is a great garden-lover, has brought back some seeds for her garden at Airlie Castle. "Nothing exotic," she assured me. "Just

things we are sure will grow here."

A big thrill for Lord and Lady Airlie was the birth of their newest grandchild. They heard the announcement of the birth on the ship bringing them back to England—"We were very thrilled," said Lady Airlie—and their first visit as soon as they had disembarked, was, of course, to see Princess Alexandra, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, and the new baby. But Lady Airlie won't commit herself yet about whom he is like. "It's very difficult at that stage to see resemblances," she says.

I can't help thinking how much, in future years, the young Master Ogilvy will enjoy holidays at Airlie Castle with its beautiful gardens and enchanting woodlands. There is also the added fascination of a house in the grounds—linked by covered way with the castle itself—which is set aside for the accommodation of the Airlies' numerous grandchildren and their nannies when they are there.

PLANS FOR THE BALL

It's two years since the Edinburgh Committee of the Save the Children Fund ran its first successful Bambino Ball at Broomhall, Dunfermline, home of Lord & Lady Bruce. They're running their second ball in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on 24 April. "It's an Edinburgh Committee

project, so we felt the ball really ought to be held in Edinburgh," Lady Bruce, chairman of the committee, told me. An advantage is that the Assembly Rooms can cope with up to 700 guests—about twice the number that could be squeezed in at Broomhall. But on that evening the committee netted £1100 clear profit. With the heavier overhead expenses involved "I doubt if we will exceed that this time," says Lady Bruce. She and her committee are working tremendously hard to make the ball a success and I hear some exceedingly handsome prizes have been given for the tombola and raffle which are being run in conjunction with the ball. Other enticements include a champagne supper and a ship night club—complete with underwater décor.

Guests from abroad will probably include Lord Bruce's sister, Lady Alison Stewart-Patterson, and her husband Mr. Cleveland Stewart-Patterson who, with their young family, are at present on a visit from Canada to Lady Alison's parents, the Earl & Countess of Elgin, at Culross, Fife. "Any further plans for this year?" I asked Lady Bruce. "Just another child some time in August," she replied airily. This will be the third for Lord & Lady Bruce. They already have a daughter and a son.

J.P.



Viscount & Viscountess Elveden with their baby daughter, the Hon. Emma Lavinia Guinness, at Farmleigh, Castleknock, after her christening at St. Patrick's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Dublin. With them are Viscount Elveden's grandparents, the Earl of Iveagh, 90, whose christening robe the baby wore, and the Countess of Iveagh



THE SEAGOING GALLERY

Her name is *Shalom*, which means Peace, but she has the sort of beauty that makes men melt with desire—desire to "get away from it all." She is blonde, which is unusual for an Israeli, and curvaceous, which is not. Since she was first dreamed up she has shown a marked tendency to put on weight. Conceived as a 23,000-tonner and registered as a 24,500-tonner she finally settled for a Junoesque 25,338 tons without adversely affecting her vital statistics—629 feet long, 81½ feet in the beam and 10 decks tall. But her beauty, like that of all real beauties, is much more than skin deep. One-eighth of the £6½ million she cost her Pygmalions was devoted to interior decoration, and of that sum £100,000 was spent on adorning her with works of art.

Even larger sums have no doubt been spent on murals, tapestries, mosaics, stained-glass and pictures in other, bigger ships, but in none of them can the integration of art and architecture have been more successfully achieved. This is no floating art gallery, the art is not shoved down the passengers' throats but it is there, in every public room and many of the cabins, to be appreciated consciously or unconsciously. Or, more often as I discovered, while

cruising in her, to be appreciated unconsciously but disapproved of consciously.

Again and again in talking to fellow passengers I came up against this irrational attitude. All, or nearly all, found the modern, Italian-influenced decor and the modern furnishings in the dining rooms, the bars and the night club, tasteful and pleasing, but hardly anyone shared my enthusiasm for the individual paintings, tapestries and mosaics, not even those by the internationally famous artists Rufino Tamayo and Ben Shahn. Criticism ranged from "too abstract" to "my three-year-old son could do better." Most surprising quote came from the ship's captain, Captain Avner Freudenberg. In his streamlined, spacious suite immediately behind the bridge, he stood in front of a big, interesting abstract painting by his friend, British artist Reginald Weston, and sighed for a few Old Masters in the ship—"Even reproductions. What's wrong with that?"

It is ironical that so many people who worship "modern" design in domestic architecture, in furniture, in motor cars, in everything connected with the daily business of living, will not accept the sort of painting and sculpture that originally

inspired that "modern" design. Only by surrounding such people with works of art as part of their everyday life, in the streets, in their offices, in public buildings—in ships—will they be changed.

Some such thoughts must have been in the minds of the owners (the Zim Israel Navigation Company) and the architects of the *Shalom*. Today more than ever Peace, with a capital "P," has become an Art, with a capital "A." The terms are almost synonymous, so it follows logically that a ship called Peace should be filled with works of art.

"The general theme of her decor is Peace and we have tried to achieve this unobtrusively," said Professor Alfred Mansfeld, one of the three principal architects (the others are Mrs. Dvora Gad and Mr. Gershon Yoran) responsible for the interior. The theme is echoed in the names "Olive Branch Promenade," "Dove's Deck," "Peace Pipe Smoking Room" and implied in the Biblical connotations of the names given to the two dining rooms, "Sharon" and "Carmel," and the three swimming pools, "Solomon's," "Shulamith's" and "The Waters of Merom." The night club is called "Noah's Ark."

"Israelis are very literary (literal?) minded," explained the Professor, "and give a special name and scene to every room." So the night club is decorated with wittily drawn animals by Rumanian-born Parisian surrealist Victor Brauner, Solomon's Pool

Robert Wraight goes to sea, with photographer Morris Newcombe

has a highly original terracotta and ceramic frieze of scenes from the wise king's life made by Italian master-ceramist Emanuel Luzzati, the first-class Circle Lounge (where everything is round) has tapestries of Day (a round sun) and Night (a round moon) by Jacob Wechsler, and the Carmel dining room is excitingly dominated by a rich, fiery tapestry by Israel's Avigdor Aricha who was inspired by the colours of flowers on Mount Carmel.

The great American artist Ben Shahn, who designed two huge mosaics and a tapestry for the tourist-class bar "The Tavern," has made his humanist message clear. His tapestry is a design based on the Hebrew alphabet and one of his mosaics is a geometrical abstraction, but the other is a 30-foot-long plea for universal tolerance and understanding. It symbolizes plainly Man's striving after knowledge and new worlds and bears the legend: *Let men know what is divine, let them know: that is all. If a Greek is stirred to the remembrance of God by the art of Pheidias, an Egyptian by paying worship to animals, another man by a river, another by fire . . . I have no anger for their divergences; only let them know, let them love; let them remember.*

The Mexican artist Tamayo was responsible for two vast canvases in the tourist-class lounge. Inspired by a visit to Israel, they express explicitly his responses to the desert region of the Negev and the fertile plains of Sharon and symbolize the old and the new Israel. The first is wholly successful, a Tamayo masterpiece. The second, in which he has tried to correlate an aerial view of the country and an aeroplane zooming off a runway into a significant pattern, is much less successful. Both, however, are figurative paintings easily understandable, yet the passengers found them more controversial than anything else in the ship. (Except, of course, the *kosher* food issue which had earlier caused a crisis in the Israeli Government and had provoked one passenger to remark that "you can pray as you like"—there is a chapel as well as a synagogue in her—"but you can't eat as you like." In fact, the "*kosher* only" rule will be relaxed in the winter months when she is cruising in the Caribbean.)

Unfortunately the one really *avant-garde* piece of art, a lumino-dynamic work or light-mobile by Nicholas Schöffer, was not yet installed in the Tourists' Winter Garden when I was aboard. I should like to be there to see and hear the passengers' reactions when it is, for Schöffer besides being the creator of lumino-dynamism is also the inventor of spatio-dynamic constructions and a radio-controlled robot that dances to its own music!

The Humanist is the central figure on Ben Shahn's great mosaic on the wall of the big tourist-class cabin on the Rainbow Deck called the Tavern. He is flanked by figures representing the Seeker After Knowledge and the Scientist Explorer. The Humanist's role is to keep these two subservient to human well-being. Bottom: Illuminated photomontages showing the history of Israel's theatre and cinema decorate the 270-seat theatre on the Olive Branch deck





The Hebrew alphabet forms the motif of Ben Shahn's Aubusson tapestry in the Tavern. There is dancing in each of the ship's three bar-lounges and its night club. Top: A vitreous enamel screen designed by Aharon Kahana rims Shulamit's Pool—the tourist swimming pool on the Rainbow Deck



Above left: The topography of the slopes of Mount Carmel inspired Dov Feigin's plaster reliefs in Carmel, the first-class dining room which is also decorated with richly-coloured tapestry by Avigdor Aricha. Above right: The Captain, Avner Freudenberg in his cabin, a luxurious suite adjoining the bridge. The world map is purely decorative and the room also contains a big abstract by Reginald Weston, plus built-in record and tape decks. Top: Both sides of the 450-seat tourist-class dining room, the Sharon, are lined with artificially-lit stained-glass windows designed by Jean David and made at Chartres. They reflect the flora and fauna of Israel

Another funny thing happened...to William Sansom

Funny, at least rum things can easily happen at the vet's. For instance, there is in London somewhere a mynah-bird that barks like a dog. At a vet's, you might run into him. I would very much like to meet such a bird.

Once I remember, I was taking an ill kitten for treatment, and for want of something better carried it in a stout brown paper bag with its furry little head chocolate-brown and sticking out. He was part of an enormous litter and would eventually have to be given away. Now, of course, I was stopped by an elderly lady who wished to poke her finger in his face. "Where are you taking it to?" With a stroke of genius I answered, "To the vet's, to be destroyed." The kitten was out of my arms and the lady scurried off round the corner before you could say Pussomeat. So now we all know how to get rid of a kitten.

In any case, our particular vet had a special favour since we learned from friends who had dined with him that with a surgeon's clinical aplomb he had laid the tablecloth slap on the operating table, round which the party sat eating meat and trying not to think of dead Airedales. So it was with ambivalent expectations that a few late Decembers ago I took another sick kitten to him. This one, white and black and pink-nosed, more rabbit than kitten, had enteritis, so I had wrapped him warmly in cloths and shawls and thus presented myself at the door feeling, with my precious bundle, like a Victorian unmarried mother trying to sell lavender.

The vet's waiting hall is usually distinguished by a few tattered copies of *Fur & Feather* and one or two tattered people sitting nervously by wicker baskets mewling and whimpering with a nasty tumbril sound. Or you might come across a single lady in tweeds and apparently out of her mind, murmuring to the blank wall: "Der den der den der den." And then you see that her sapphire brooch is really

a single, furious, embosomed Siamese eye.

But that morning it was very different. I was amazed to see sitting there, in a line, as at a beauty contest, three attractive and well-painted young women each nursing upon her lap a fed-up-looking poodle. Mmmm, I telepathed to Arthur the kitten, things are looking up, look down at those lovely legs.

Against the dull cream-paper wall, each girl sat brightly coloured and jewelled like a separate magazine cover. Young women look their glossiest against such dull backgrounds, against railway engines, filing cabinets, hearses. Then they seem to achieve a fourth dimension. But now as I sat with lowered, upward-peeping eyes, I noticed another strange thing. None of them knew each other. They had seemed obviously a connected trio. But no, this was simply a coincidence! And yet, listening at length to a few remarks interchanged, not after all an odd one. For the presence of the dogs was the result of a seasonal occupational disease of well-off poodles; and poodles are an occupational disease of pretty girls.

It happened to be the day after Boxing Day.

1st Girl: Of course, their little tums can't take it.

2nd Girl: Sausage stuffing and chocolates in one mouthful! Who's a greedy?

3rd Girl: Zizi's got pure goose-fat dripping from *her* eyes.

So there we were. And there assumably was the vet sweating away with a stomach pump on an endless surfeit of Christmas poodles. It was the silly season when the bite is worse than the bark. What a time of year! The sullen December sky lowered in on the bright girls and their ashen dogs, the dogs lowered back. What is a poodle without that bright "intelligent" eye? A hank of dank wool with a hot nose. "Found him in the scullery with the *head!*"

"Looked on the peel when it was candied." "Mince pies—sick as a dog."

I clutched Arthur closer. Even if you look like a rabbit, I breathed, thank God you're a cat. Yet a few minutes later Arthur was to prove not only a solace but a hero, saving all our lives, and for the poodles assuring that their living death did not become a dead one. For as the young women grew to know one another, those little outboard motors attached to the tips of their tongues fired into full action, the yakety-yak rose high and the dogs flattened their ears against the din. "Threw up all over Tommy's new Grenadiers' band—cleaning the big drummer was no joke, I can tell you." "Found all alone in the linen cupboard at three in the morning, *still sitting up and begging*. Some habits die hard." "Bark? The whole Aldermaston lot might have marched through and he wouldn't have raised a cough. Still, they got away with my old musquash, thank God. Now the Pru can pay for an ocelot." When abruptly there came a frightful mew and Arthur's pink-nosed face shot up out of his shawl. Ears at the ready, enteritis forgotten, he hissed at a quiet corner of the room—where, unheard in the din, unremarked by the three morose watchdogs, sibilant sound was gathering and flame rising as an oil-stove, perhaps tired of listening, lost control of itself and began to blaze over.

I rushed for the surgery, pulled the vet away from an old Afghan flat out on the operating table—and with many a "Phew, near thing," he turned down a buoyant tap somewhere inside the apparatus. Danger over, death averted, four-leggers and two-leggers permitted, by the grace of a kitten's sense, to face life anew.

A cat is normally said to have control over nine lives. Arthur had overdone it, he had saved ten. Precocious, perhaps unforgivable in Divine Feline Law, for his own was taken away from him by a motor not many months later.



everything's coming up SHAKESPEARE

and nowhere more luxuriously than at his birthplace Stratford-upon-Avon where many talents have conspired to create the grandest of exhibitions to honour the poet. J. ROGER BAKER previews the show, TONY EVANS took the photographs

Stratford-upon-Avon has acquired a new landmark. Opposite the theatre, across the river stands a large, bright, new building. It is yellow, metal and decorated with tent-like excrescences along its roof. Unfortunately it is not very pretty: cynics are already calling it the Hall of Gaiety.

It is, in fact, a pavilion devised to house the Shakespeare Exhibition which Prince Philip will open on Friday week—the Bard's birthday. The pavilion was designed by Laurence Williams—architect to Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust—and based on the proportions of the Waverley Market in Edinburgh where the exhibition will travel in August for a two-month stay coinciding with the Festival. Theoretically the pavilion should give the impression of an Elizabethan tent, and to do the planners

justice that's what it looks like on a preliminary sketch. That it doesn't in reality must not be allowed to matter, since inside is being assembled the most valuable and varied collection of Shakespeariana ever, linked by glamorous reconstructions of period concomitants.

Director of the exhibition is Richard Buckle, Britain's wittiest ballet critic, writer and organizing genius behind two previous sensational exhibitions, the Diaghilev (1954) and Epstein (1961) tributes. This present effort is larger in sheer size, not to say scope, than either of the others and has been maturing in the Buckle brain for two years.

He recalls: "My first reaction when the project was put to me was: No. Shakespeare exists in the theatre—why make an

exhibition of him?" However Mr. Buckle was granted a vision one night. This is always stimulating, and he woke up with a picture of a possible shape for the exhibition in his head: "that was in 1962—on either the Queen's or Shakespeare's birthday, I can't remember which now."

Suitably fired, two problems had to be overcome immediately—a scenario in detail and everyone's worry; money. Those in on the initial discussions were Eric Walter White of the Arts Council, Michael Jackson and Levi Fox of the Birthplace Trust. Mr. Buckle perfected his scheme for the exhibition in Palermo and Malta. The scope of the thing was growing and so were the estimates. Initially Buckle had imagined the show would remain at Stratford throughout the year, but



became obvious that both the Arts Council and the 1964 Anniversary Council—set up to promote Shakespeare commemorations—would be unable to foot the bill.

He therefore approached the Earl of Harewood who wanted it for Edinburgh anyway, with the idea that private backing should be raised and the exhibition shown in Edinburgh and London. Lord Harewood liked the scheme, rang up Jack Lyons (who had helped the Epstein exhibition) and they were off.

The exhibition is certainly expensive: "It will cost a quarter of a million," Buckle told me, "and as a small example of running costs we are allowing £6,000 for light bulb replacements alone and it is costing some £2,000 to keep us reasonably warm while construction is going on. We shall maintain a working staff of 50." He was feeling pleased since he'd just organized a London firm to spray parts of the exhibition with genuine Elizabethan scents (he had the Diaghilev exhibition sprayed with Mitsouko, the impresario's favourite). "All I've got to decide now is the actual smell—this firm uses original recipes, it could be lily-of-the-valley, wallflower, violet . . . of course the exhibition couldn't be done without Jack Lyons and George Harewood, who not only want to do it but can afford my excesses."

Further backing soon came from Howard Thomas (for A.B.C. television), Leonard Wolfson, Lord Thomson of Fleet and Sir Hugh Fraser, Bt., who undertook to share the loss if any; the exhibition was registered as a charity.

Among Mr. Buckle's excesses, foremost is a basic insistence on historical accuracy. To this end a formidable battery of advisers was assembled including John Bryson, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Richard Buckle's tutor there ("a quarter of

a century ago"), Muriel St. Clare Byrne, Professor Nevill Coghill of Oxford and George Rylands, Fellow of King's, Cambridge. Birmingham University's Professor of English Literature, Terence Spencer, was drawn in (he is, too, Director of the Shakespeare Institute) and Dr. Glynne Wickham, head of drama at Bristol. And on the actual planning side Dr. Frederick Sternfield of Oxford has discovered some original settings of Shakespeare's songs and John Woodward, Keeper of Birmingham City Art Gallery, has played a vital part in assembling certain portraits. For the setting the talents of some of the most notable contemporary artists, sculptors and stage designers have been used.

Mr. Buckle is, however, most emphatic that this show will not be merely an exhibition of international modern art: "I resolved that Shakespeare's story and the historical evidence must be got across clearly, no matter how crazy the means." Thrilled and proud as he is by the contributions made by the artists, he insists that the long galleries of the exhibition are the most important parts: "That is where all the evidence is, and an exhibition of this kind is pointless without evidence."

Among this evidence will be the unique collection of portraits. It has been attempted to include a contemporary portrait of every great man of Elizabeth I's time. John Woodward has gathered many that have never been exhibited before. They will be hung, centered by the great Armada portrait of Elizabeth, in a gallery which reproduces in detail an Elizabethan mansion. Out of the bowed, mullioned windows opposite the pictures will be a carefully reconstructed impression of London river by Alan Tagg.

So much care has gone into the hanging of these portraits that a double wall has



Richard Buckle, creator of the exhibition, has spent most of this year's cold and muddy days at Stratford supervising the growth of his glittering tribute to Shakespeare. The pavilion (top) stands on the banks of the swan-scattered Avon and was designed to infer an Elizabethan tent, by Laurence Williams



One room of the exhibition will consist of six enormous oil paintings showing events of Shakespeare's time. The canvases, the largest that have ever been woven, are 30 feet wide and 15 feet high and were specially made in Brussels. Four artists are responsible for them including Peter Blake (above left) who has been associated with Pop Art in this country, and Leonard Rosoman (right) who regards the work as a challenge to make some modern comment with a 16th-century subject. Another Pop artist contributing is Peter Phillips (above right) whose machine linking the two Elizabethan eras is one of the first things the visitor will see

been constructed, the outer one hiding the out-of-period frames of the pictures.

Various people, including the Queen and the Prime Minister, have lent Elizabethan *objets d'art* for display. The Marquess of Bath has loaned the only known contemporary drawing of a Shakespeare play in production, *Titus Andronicus*. One of the six known signatures of Shakespeare on a page of his will has been lent by the Public Records office. In a small, special room will be shown the famous set of Hilliard miniatures. This is called the Gold Room and through a window there's a view of a garden—very *Twelfth Night*. Altogether the total value of the exhibits on loan comes to more than a million pounds. "The question of safeguarding the exhibits is keeping 15 men busy for 24 hours a day" commented Buckle.

Linking these spots of hard fact are

rooms, galleries, tableaux. When the exhibition was schemed Buckle gave the chosen artists a story-line and perhaps emphasized a particular point he wanted making, which they followed in their own special way. There will, however, be nothing to shock—the more sophisticated viewers may even find some of the modern work a touch naïve. First impact will be in the entrance hall with an attempt to link the two Elizabethan ages and spin the mind back to 1564. "I want the visitor to become as it were Shakespeare: to be born in Stratford and to go to school there."

Cunningly a science fiction type of thought has been used to achieve this with a machine devised by Peter Phillips, who was first noticed as a pop artist. On and around the machine will be snips of information about the world 400 years ago, illustrated. A reference, for example, to the





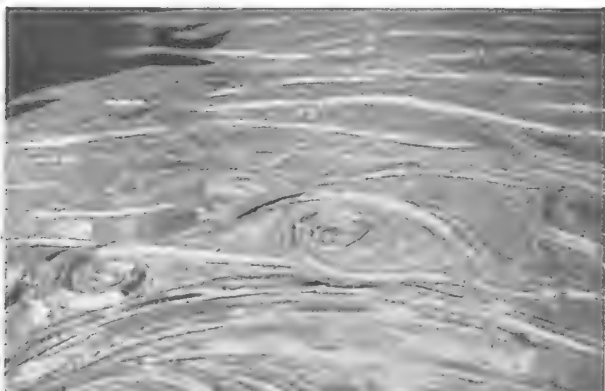
David Hockney, one of the most admired and certainly the most publicised of young artists, has done some characteristic drawings of tourists ancient and modern for the entrance hall. Top: Man with machine: Joe Tilson hides a kaleidoscope of Elizabethan images in stacked dice. There will be two ocepholes—one for adults and one for children

Working on the vast murals has given the artists not only intellectual stimulation, but physical problems too. Frank Bowling (top), the successful West Indian figurative painter leaps into action. Calmer is Ceri Richards (above) in butcher's apron. Subjects of the murals include the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Essex rebellion and the beheading of Mary Stuart

Details from an exhibition: below, from top. Maquette of Puck for a magnificently conceived tableau of *The Dream* being performed before Elizabeth and her court. A file penetrates the eye-sockets of a skull. Aluminium ripples of the Avon for a Stratford scene. Not pagoda tops but part of the ceiling for the long gallery that will house the collection of portraits

Below left: All the figures and paintings in the exhibition are not only individual works of modern art but also project an impressive wealth of factual detail, such as this figure of Elizabeth about to be coloured and decorated from the *Ermine* portrait. Below right: When considering the design of the pavilion Richard Buckle tackled many problems, among them the question of emergency exits, which must be practical yet not spoil any visual effects. This one is masked by one of Timothy O'Brien's *Gates of London*. Bottom left: Most of the figures were created at Blandford Hall, in Alexandra Park, and later transported to Stratford. Bottom right: Part of Astrid Zydower's pillar representing a number of gloomy events including plague, war and torture

Opposite page: three women who have made particularly large contributions to the exhibition. Top: Angela Conner with her tortured representation of Richard III for a tableau from that play. "I was not a nice person to know while creating it," she says. Below left: Carol Annand's Elizabethan figures reveal the same style as her work on modern subjects. Below right: Sculptress Astrid Zydower has created hundreds of figures, some of enormous size. Here she works on the large figure of Shakespeare as a young man, from her smaller maquette





discovery of northern trade routes with Russia will be underlined by photographs of Mr. Krushchev; information that Christendom was divided will have pictures of present church leaders. Close by will be a series of drawings by David Hockney representing tourists ancient and modern.

The visitor will then walk under a large table (on it a glove and a pair of scissors will remind him that Shakespeare's father was a glover) to enter Shakespeare's childhood world. The general plan of the exhibition from there is to lead the visitor through Shakespeare's life in chronological sequence, through Oxford, London, the court, the theatre and back to retirement in Stratford.

Perhaps the most notable aspect of the work contributed by artists is not so much the purely decorative aspect, but the mas-

sive and concentrated amount of information about Elizabethan times that is conveyed. A typical example is the sequence called *The Road to London*. This is a series of panels, set up in zig-zag corridor form, painted by Jean Hugo (great-grandson of Victor Hugo) representing Shakespeare's journey from Stratford. Intrinsically the paintings have tremendous beauty and impact ("they will be sold for a lot of money" Mr. Buckle told me), but they contain a tremendous amount of information about country life and sports. And many of the figures on them have been copied as statues to stand in front of the screens. This intellectualizing of art is reflected too in a corridor devoted to tableaux from the plays—done by people like Cecil Beaton, Osbert Lancaster, Carol Annand and Frank Bowling. Here attempts

have been made to link certain characters with personalities of the time.

Of course the Globe Theatre has a pivotal role; it has been reconstructed by Alan Tagg and a sort of *son et lumière* effect has been achieved by Richard Pilbrow's projections.

The exhibition is a powerful combination of sight, sound and—at times—smell; it could hardly have been constructed at all without the use of modern materials, particularly polystyrene ("use a hot knife and it is like carving butter" said Astrid Zydower who has sculpted several hundred figures) and fibreglass; modern recording and lighting techniques are all employed. It should provide a focal point for thousands of visitors this year who as they leave the pavilion will hear Sir Donald Wolfitt reciting: *Sweet Swan of Avon . . .*



Arthur Boyd, the Australian artist, has created a triptych sequence in ceramic tiles based on Romeo and Juliet themes. Right: Timothy O'Brien, who has done some noted stage designs, has contributed a London street scene for the exhibition done in vast hanging panels, each representing aspects of Elizabethan London including Cheapside, the Royal Exchange, prisons and noblemen's houses. Far right: Alan Tagg has designed the Long Gallery in which the portrait collection will be hung, the small gold room, a setting for the Hilliard miniatures, and views of the river and gardens





Voytek, who designs for television, has made substantial contributions to the exhibition and for a model of Stratford in Shakespeare's youth uses metal to emulate the ripples of the Avon. Top: John Foxen has been Richard Buckle's production manager during the making of the show, organising constructions at Blandford Hall where most of the exhibits were made. Left: Nicholas Georgiadis' work includes a sequence called Visions of Palaces, a series of arches through which the spectator will walk, representing among other things the Holbein Gate of Whitehall

Edward Gilbert, who is at the Royal College of Art, is described by Richard Buckle as "the greatest textile designer since William Morris." He has re-created in modern materials and terms the great Tudor designs on wallpapers and tablecloths. Top: Antony Maitland working on the set representing Shakespeare's childhood on location at the exhibition. Apart from this, he is also creating a tableau from Much Ado About Nothing



No bones about it

Facts in the undercover story for spring and summer hold no weight whatever. Newest bras and girdles move, stretch and breathe with the figure inside them, have springy straps and elastic backs. Spring flowers and blossoms are scattered over matching sets of lingerie, navy is blued everywhere. Unity Barnes makes light work of a flutter of lingerie with photographs by Barry Lategan and drawings by Elizabeth Thomas. Furniture from Elizabeth Eaton



Sleek and shipshaped—the new navy blues

1 Frothy scallops of white lace on a petticoat of navy blue Bri-nylon. By Charnos, £2 9s. 11d. at Fenwick; Rackhams, Birmingham; Affleck & Brown, Manchester

2 Low stretch back for a very light Lycra pull-on corselette in bright French navy. By Fantasie, 6 gns. at Dickins & Jones; William Hill, Hove

3 Stretch straps jauntily striped in navy and white on a navy nylon bra. Matching navy girdle in Lycra and satin elastic. By Maidenform, bra, £2 7s. 6d.; girdle, £3 15s. at D. H. Evans; Browns of Chester; Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast

4 Splendid pirate stripes in navy and scarlet for a soft stretch bra and pantie belt from France. 79s. the set from Galeries Lafayette

5 Pretty camisole bra in navy lace over ice white nylon. By Silhouette, £1 5s. 11d. at Selfridges; Allders, Croydon

Opposite: Pretty enough to wear as an evening dress, a dreamy white nylon nightdress with a close-hugging bodice of deep navy lace. 16 gns. at the Christian Dior Boutique





Lingerie—a many flowered thing

1 Gay woodland flowers of pink and green dance on the deep scalloped hem of this white cotton petticoat, trimmed with cyclamen braid.

By Taylor Woods, £2 19s. 11d. at Dickins & Jones

2 Leafy fronds of navy blue fern creep over a white nylon bra, suspender belt, and panties. By Scandale, bra, £2 5s.; suspender belt, £1 15s.; panties, £1 12s. 6d. from S. Weiss, Shaftesbury Avenue

3 Summery white half-slip and matching panties in French rayon edged in grass green, are splashed with turquoise and lilac daisies.

Half-slip, £1 5s.; panties, 12s. 6d. at Galeries Lafayette

4 Rose-printed nylon bra, lightly wired, has a matching girdle in Lycra. Made to measure, bra from 9 gns., girdle 14½ gns. at Rigby & Peller, 12 South Molton Street

Opposite page: Deep navy blue roses scattered on a white nylon waist-petticoat, bra and panties, each edged with navy lace. From France, this set costs 11 gns. at Nicholas, 38, Conduit Street





Sisters next to the skin

1 Crystal white nightdress and matching negligée in Bri-nylon, long, lacy romantic. By Lux Lux, nightdress, 4 gns.; negligée, 5 gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth. (Matching petticoat, waist slip and panties are also available)

2 Primroses and soft blue columbines trail on a printed cotton nightdress and negligée, rouleau-trimmed, flounced at the hem and elbow. By Kayser Bondor: nightdress, £1 7s. 6d.; negligée, £1 19s. 11d. at Swan & Edgar

3 Alençon lace tops this Bri-nylon nightdress and negligée, all in forget-me-not blue. By Wolsey Vanity Fair; nightdress, £3 19s. 11d.; negligée, £5 10s. at Dickins & Jones; William Harvey, Guildford

4 Miniscule pink rosebuds bloom on the yoke of a matching double white Bri-nylon nightdress and negligée. By Gossard; nightdress, £2 17s. 6d.; negligée, £3 19s. 11d. at Marshall & Snelgrove; Rackhams, Birmingham; Brights of Bristol. (Also available, matching girdle, bra, petticoat, waist-slip, panties and suspender belt)

Opposite page: Opaque daisies delicately shadow-print an ice white cotton nightdress and bedjacket, run with baby blue ribbon. Matching negligée not shown. By Jean Radford; nightdress, £5 19s. 6d.; bedjacket, £5 10s. at Harvey Nichols; Browns of Chester





A bra for all reasons

1 Completely backless black lace bra is slotted with pink ribbon, plunges to a deep front. By Formfit, £1 17s. 11d. at D. H. Evans; Affleck & Brown, Manchester

2 Plunging front to a white lace bra, slotted with bright pink ribbon. Matching suspender belt in cyclamen elastic with white lace frills. By Au Fait; bra, £1 5s. 6d.; suspender belt, £1 9s. 11d. at Army & Navy Stores; Brights, Bournemouth; Garlands, Norwich

3 Stretch straps on an all-American bra of Ban-Lon lace, the back of Lycra net. By Lily of France, £2 19s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove

4 All-stretch bra and matching girdle in black Lycra and lace. By Flexees; bra, £2 15s. 9d.; girdle, £4 15s. 6d. at Dickins & Jones

5 Camisole straps on this pretty, heart-shaped bra in white lace. By Berlei, £1 6s. 11d. at Selfridges; Grants, Croydon; Hammonds, Hull

6 Pre-formed bra in white cotton has new adjustable stretch straps. By Clique, 13s. 11d. at Fenwick

Opposite page: left, tucked nylon taffeta for a lacy-topped bra with wide-set straps run with tiny blue hearts. Designed by Emilio Pucci for Formfit, £1 13s. 6d. at D. H. Evans; Rackhams, Birmingham; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. Covered with lace frills, nylon panties by Peter Pan, £2 5s. at Fenwick; J. F. Taylor, Bristol

Right, a bra with detachable straps is pre-formed, covered with lace, slotted with blue ribbon. By Partos, 19s. 11d. at D. H. Evans; Lewis's, Birmingham; V. Onnet, Bristol

on plays

PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON PINERO

There are two ways of reviving a comedy like Pinero's *The Schoolmistress*: to play it in modern dress with appropriate changes of tempo and manner, or to keep it in its period and play it for every ounce of comedy that can be squeezed out of it. The second has been Mr. John Fernald's choice at the Savoy Theatre, and he has cheerfully and skilfully taken the play more than once to the verge of farce, where it teeters happily enough under his direction.

The setting is a London finishing school for young ladies some 70 years ago, run by one Miss Dyott who states her claim to authority in the words: "I think I am almost capable of finishing any young lady now." In this role we have an unfamiliar view of Miss Megs Jenkins, perpetually on the rampage, bunchy and bustled, with skirts disclosing what I believe was once known as a neat ankle. As a disciplinarian she is more fussy than effective and her high-spirited charges

have plenty of opportunity for planning such escapades as the elopement of one of their number with a lovelorn young man.

The lady herself is not insensible to tender passions and has fixed her affections on the Honourable Vere Queckett, a gentleman whose clearest view of the married status seems to be that it should offer him reasonable financial support in return for reasonable fidelity. Certainly he shows no weakness for any of the pupils, to whom his most usual mode of address is a heartfelt cry of "Oh, you are a vexing girl!" Played by Mr. Nigel Patrick this character has, in his more elegant moments, a suggestion of an Osbert Lancaster cartoon; in other more farcical situations, a touch of the Jimmy Edwards. The combination—or rather the alternation—is unexpectedly successful since it has the constant advantage of Mr. Patrick's crisp good looks and decisive manner. Even in the moments of most Wodehousian panic, when the plot appears to

be getting away with most of the players and plaintiffs of "Scylla and Charybdis!" rend the air, the audience can have the comfortable impression that there is one of the actors who will not succumb to chaos or tear his neat hair.

For the elopement is by no means the only complication this genteel academy faces, and no less a figure of respectability than Miss Dyott is embarking on a double life, making some necessary extra pennies by appearing every evening as the heroine of a new operetta, explaining her absences as best she can by attendances at lectures and meetings. The parents of one of the young ladies appear on the scene: a traditionally irascible admiral and his wife, both impeccably played by Mr. Charles Heslop and Miss Sylvia Coleridge who, between them, can have put fewer feet wrong, theatrically speaking, than anyone since Ronald Squire and Ellis Jeffreys. In their very different styles they have in common the art of timing, and as far as Mr. Heslop is concerned it would be safe to assume that he could play anything except—possibly—a beatnik. The admiral and his lady, incidentally, are accompanied by a sprightly young spark (Mr. Michael

Ridgeway) who plays a junior or midshipman form of A.D.C.

The closest possible attention to the plot reveals why the action shifts to the admiral's neighbouring house in Portland Place and why a hastily improvised supper party requires the attendance of a fireman who is lugged through the window of an upper room to be a raconteur of elderly stories. One thing is perfectly sure, and that is that Pinero was a craftsman who never allowed the fun and the fury to die a natural death if, by a flow of fresh and funny lines, he could revive it. One has occasionally the feeling that the cast are working hard but never that they are working against odds. Sir Arthur saw to that.

The whole play is in a way a matter of contrasts. A pervasive mood of innocence has to be accepted yet the customs of the times were not especially innocent. There existed then a kind of social covering-up which is now recognised as social hypocrisy, and that is only one of the reasons why the play is more validly performed as a period piece. As such it is harmless and amusing. It also has its own gaiety which is perhaps just as dated but nevertheless welcome



Vivien Ault, Hope McIntyre and David Wood, three of the leading players in *Hang Down Your Head And Die*, the Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club's evocative and eminently successful production at the Comedy Theatre

on films

LOVABLE LITTLE PSYCHOPATH

While I much enjoyed *The Chalk Garden*—the screen version of Miss Enid Bagnold's play—it did seem to me that, if he could not persuade his scriptwriter (Mr. John Michael Hayes) to modernise the dialogue a little, Mr. Ronald Neame, the admirable director, would have been well advised to give the piece a period setting, Edwardian, perhaps. I mean, doesn't "Have a care!" sound a mite dated to you? And surely lines like "God made tears to be cried" belong strictly to the early Ella Wheeler Wilcox era?

Dame Edith Evans, in flowing, timeless gowns, sails magnificently through the role of a rich, domineering old lady whose chief interests in life are herself, her chalky-soiled garden where no flowers grow, and her 16-year-old problem granddaughter, Miss Hayley Mills—a confirmed fantasist who claims that her father shot himself in her presence, that she was criminally assaulted at the age of 12, that she will burn the house down one of these days, and that she hates everybody, especially her mother.

This mother-hatred is fostered by Dame Edith, who disapproves of her daughter's (Miss Elizabeth Sellars) second marriage and is ready to fight her for possession of the child. Encouraged to believe (quite wrongly) that Miss Sellars heartlessly abandoned her to go romping off with her new husband, Miss Mills has become dangerously mixed-up emotionally, and goodness knows what might have become of her if Miss Kerr had not stalked stonily in to take her in hand.

Miss Mills has scared away more governesses than you could shake a stick at—three in one week is her proud record—but as she can't scare Miss Kerr she makes up her twisted little mind to "expose" her, instead. You see, frozen-faced Miss Kerr is a bit of a mystery. All her clothes are brand new, she receives no letters, has no photographs of dear ones on her dressing-table, and sits alone in her room with the door open or paces the floor—"like a caged animal," says Miss Mills (or, you may think, the one-time occupant of a prison cell).

Dame Edith is delighted when

Miss Kerr displays an understanding of what the chalk garden needs to make it blossom like the rose, but is livid when she suggests that all Miss Mills needs to restore her to healthy normality is to be returned to her mother. How dare the governess presume to know what's best for the child? She dares because as a child she, too, felt herself unloved and she does not want the disaster that overtook her, as a result, to overtake Miss Mills.

I should hope not. Destructive though she is and malicious enough to pry into Miss Kerr's painful secret, one could not bear to think of her serving a 15-year sentence on a charge of murder, as, it dramatically transpires, Miss Kerr did. The happy ending comes rather too pat—the revelation that the governess is prepared to sacrifice her job to ensure her pupil's happiness restores Miss Mills's faith in human nature and sends her home to mother—but it will jerk a tear or two from the sentimentally inclined.

Miss Mills strikes me as altogether too lovable for a juvenile psychopath: all the same, she is a young actress whom I enormously admire and she gives an extraordinarily touching performance in the most difficult role she has yet had to tackle. Mr. John Mills shines modestly and is a dear as Dame Edith's butler, and Mr. Felix Aylmer is perfectly at ease as the aged judge with whom Miss Kerr is suddenly confronted at the dinner table, in a moment that Miss Mills's horrified, conscience-stricken reaction makes electrifying. The colour photography (by Mr. Arthur Ibbetson) is beautiful and the entire production has an air of distinction—a certain cool aloofness (best expressed by the divine Dame Edith) from the hurly-burly of today.

In *Lilies of the Field*, Mr. Sidney Poitier, an itinerant Baptist labourer driving through Arizona in search of a job, pauses at a semi-derelict farmhouse to get water for his car and is immediately pounced upon by five Roman Catholic nuns, who put him to work—at repairing their leaky roof, mending their fences and build-

ing them a chapel. His bill, when presented, is simply ignored by the Mother Superior (Miss Lilia Skala)—a regular honed-on-the-stone old battle-axe, twice as sharp as the good-natured negro to whom she gives not a word of thanks for all his toil.

The nuns, so the story goes, are refugees from Eastern Germany and have travelled 8,000 miles to farm a little piece of land willed to them by some well-meaning character in Arizona. O.K., O.K.—so they've had a hard time, but is that any excuse for re-establishing slavery in the United States? Everybody in the film seems to think (as some members of the audience did, too) that the nuns are the sweetest things and the Mother Superior as cute as a kiss-curl—and Mr. Ralph Nelson (producing, directing and playing a minor part) is clearly infatuated with them. Hmm!

Only Mr. Poitier's undoubted charm makes the film bearable, and even that can't overcome the mawkishness of an English lesson that goes like this:

Mr. Poitier: My skin is black.

Nuns, in chorus: My skeen iss pleck.

Mr. Poitier, laughing: No, no. Your skin is white.

Nuns, in chorus: Yor skeen iss white?

Mr. Poitier: No, no. My skin is black.

(And so on and on.)

MICHAEL RATCLIFFE

on books

MURDER BY THE CATHEDRAL

In the measured world of letters, William Golding is something of a tearaway success; astonishing to reflect that his first novel, *The Lord of the Flies* (1954) can already be obtained in an (unexpurgated) edition for schools. *The Spire* (Faber 18s.) is his fifth, certain, like the others, to exact deep admiration and fierce detraction. Either way, a new Golding has long been an event.

The Spire is a medieval allegory of pride and faith, charting the terrible obsession of Dean Jocelin to crown his cathedral (Salisbury?) with an edifice of glass and stone rising over 400 feet to a height never before dared by man—an unprecedented upsurge of worship, a visual "diagram of prayer," for the revolutionary construction of which Jocelin

My face is red—with embarrassment at the giggles this fatuous scene raises among my neighbours.

If *The Charge is Murder* sets out to demonstrate that your chances of escaping a murder rap (whether you're innocent or guilty) in the U.S.A. depend entirely on the smartness of your lawyer, it certainly proves its disturbing point. Messrs. Richard Chamberlain and Claude Rains are involved.



Arizona traveller Sidney Poitier in *Lilies of the Field* reviewed alongside

has, in a vision, been appointed by God Himself.

But the spire is without true foundation: the earth beneath it creeps, and the stones begin to sing. Terror and superstition grip the men. Four pillars only sustain the huge structure—stone pillars that bend and threaten to crack, human pillars (two masons and their wives) whose strength of purpose is destroyed by demons of fornication and lust, the very obsessions, indeed, of the repressed protagonist-priest himself. The medieval Jocelin easily exchanges mental torment for physical image and assumes unto himself when sleeping the prone body of the great cathedral; only the spire is then wanting.

The refractions of meaning are without limit; the imagery

proliferates throughout the book, like an obscene living thing, and this very ambiguity strengthens enormously the grip and tension of the whole. Mr. Golding orchestrates his apocalyptic themes in a dizzy vertiginous prose that is rarely pretentious and frequently exciting; *The Spire* has the quality of compelling nightmare.

Letters to a Sister (Collins 30s.) comprise the letters written by Rose Macaulay to her sister Jean—a District Nurse in Romford—from the summer of the General Strike to the eve of her death in 1958. I have read nothing this year that has given me such sheer pleasure. The range alone is astonishing, for she writes not merely out of a considerable sisterly affection and love, but also as a passionate chronicler expounding an increasingly silly world to a dedicated, highly intelligent recluse. (According to the editor of the correspondence, Jean Macaulay gave her sister more than a good game in reply, though none of her letters are preserved here.)

A fervent pacifist, throughout the bombing of London Rose drove an ambulance in the streets and lost everything she possessed in a devastating raid on Marylebone in 1941. Her account of the Blitz is, in fact, grotesquely funny; as if Pepys or Fanny Burney had been alive to record it for us. These letters alone would amply justify this collection, but in fact there is so much more, for nothing, no controversy, no current idiocy, escaped her attention: her uniquely witty faculties of observation remained undimmed to the end. It is a scintillating performance.

Beatrice Lady Glenavy's disarming **Today We Will Only Gossip** (Constable 30s.) is the fragmentary autobiography of a Dublin banker's highly civilized wife, and the mother of Patrick and Michael Campbell, respectively columnist and novelist. It is avowedly of chief interest for the considerable light it throws on five of her greatest friends—Katherine Mansfield, John Middleton Murry, Frieda and D. H. Lawrence and S. S. Kotliansky, Russian Jewish exile and noted translator—who are pictured in rare moments of intimacy and repose in her various London gardens. Required reading for all students of these exasperating Promethean fauna.

Few current writers exhibit

such prolific and rewarding enjoyment in the short story as Doris Lessing. She excels principally in two settings: London-fringe-Bohemian and Southern African. The latter is now handsomely served in **African Stories** (Michael Joseph 30s.), an accumulation of much long-unavailable material and four unfamiliar tales whose only major link is geographical. The reprinted matter comprises stories from her first collection, *This Was The Old Chief's Country*, and four longer tales from *Five*, including the ambitious novella, *Hunger*; the new stuff consists of *The Black Madonna*, a subtly acrid tale of two European temperaments towards the end of the war; *The Trinket Box*, a less characteristic account of a very old lady's rather disturbing death; *The Pig*, in which African is revenged upon African; and *Traitors*, which displays her at her best in this setting—on the old Rhodesian farm, remembering the intense childhood joys of the bush and the white settlers' corrosive fear of their great big continent.

Confronted by such tremendous industry (nearly 500 pages) one is regrettably tempted to chastise Shelagh Delaney, as some reviewers have, for giving, in **Sweetly Sings the Donkey** (Methuen 16s.) somewhat short measure (140). If I repeat this accusation it is not because I think Miss Delaney is lazy, but because I think she is good (as precociously wise indeed, for all her 25 years, as Mrs. Lessing); the enormous pleasure these semi-autobiographic tales afford simply increases the appetite for more. The tone is completely individual.

The most extended piece is the title story, an account of a teenage girl at a nuns convalescent house on the Lancashire coast. Those who admired *A Taste of Honey* will instantly recognize the voice of the unnamed heroine: logical, devastating, anarchic, speculative, ceaselessly vigilant and calmly mendacious, she is a smarter—and even funnier—version of Salford Jo. Sentimentality? Not here; in the shorter tales—*Tom Riley*, *Pavan for a Dead Prince*—yes, (though I lapped those up too); but not here. This long piece, indeed, reads like the first two chapters of a vastly entertaining novel, which circumstance, together with *The White Bus*, an incursion into satiric fantasy, increases one's sense of deprivation all the more.

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GERAL LASCELLES

on records

SURFEIT OF STRINGS?

Ever since Stravinsky attempted in 1918 to capture the spirit of jazz in his *Ragtime for eleven instruments*, the situation has been ripe for the invasion of either territory by the other. The closest links seem to have been forged in the logical overlapping of contemporary chamber music, mainly through the good will of the jazzman in tempering his instrumental requirements to the voices most suitable for this essentially drawing-room form of music. The marriage of jazz to the full symphony orchestra has seldom been successfully consummated for two reasons. The main one is that the musicians involved have schooled themselves to adopt different sets of rhythmic and tonal values. The secondary one revolves round the question of discipline, and the presence of a conductor, which in itself can be anathema to the genuine jazz soloist. I must emphasize that the factor of musical "literacy" seldom

enters into the issue.

It remains for Duke Ellington, always a sympathetic composer, to prove that such a marriage is possible. **The Symphonic Ellington** (Reprise) enables the composer to match his band with musicians of the Paris, Stockholm, and Hamburg symphony orchestras, and also the strings and woodwinds from La Scala, Milan. The two main pieces, *Night creature* and *Harlem*, reveal little of the tonal hybrid which one expects to hear in such joint efforts. Instead I detect the subtle interlacing of the two groups, to the point where one feels that they are not playing in opposition to one another. The Ellington band modestly dominates the proceedings, but I see scope for an extension of these ideas, if developed by a fertile brain such as Duke's.

In *Brandenburgh Gate*, revisited Dave Brubeck parades his piano and quartet through a series of almost medieval pieces, fronting a large string

orchestra. All the arrangements were contributed by his brother, Howard, who has been responsible for several previous attempts to link the quartet with orchestral backing. To my slightly non-symphonic ears this is nothing but the superimposing of a jazz chamber group on an orchestral one, with no attempt to get either party to inspire the other to better or more unusual heights.

A handful of original themes by Erroll Garner, who himself takes the piano part in **A new kind of love** (Philips), does little to convince me that straight orchestral backing opens new horizons to those who are already dedicated to the art of jazz. He neither succeeds in swinging the orchestra, nor they him! I accept that this is primarily film background music, but fail to appreciate why the filmgoer should have to have his Garner whitewashed by such detracting sounds, or that he should be distracted from his celluloid visions by any sound as enticing as that of Garner's.

The three albums of **Glenn Miller on the air** (RCA Victor) comprise a cross-section of his recorded broadcasts between 1938 and 1941. Their contents

are more notable for nostalgic dance music than for jazz, but they are all played by his pre-war band, rather than the large string-based military group he led during the last years of his life. Miller's talent as an arranger and leader are amply proved, and RCA have done an excellent job in remastering the originals into stereophonic sound.



Harold Wilson's favourite author, Thomas Armstrong, who published his latest novel *The Face of a Madonna* (Collins, 21s.), this month. Its setting is the Yorkshire monasteries of the 14th century



ANTHONY CRICKMAY

Two Views of The Dream

at Covent Garden. In the ballet version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the weaver with an ass's head is danced by Alexander Grant. His doting Tytania is Antoinette Sibley. In the operatic version by Benjamin Britten, Geraint Evans (see also cover) sings the role. Both interpretations are in the current repertory at the Opera House

on galleries

FASCINATING BANALITY

All the artists are young. That, as Mr. David Thompson points out in his introduction to the exhibition catalogue, is the only generalization that can be made about the 11 men and a girl whose work is included in the exciting show *The New Generation: 1964*, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until 3 May. To attempt to review the exhibition in any general terms would be not merely futile but impossible. To describe the pictures would be to make them all sound banal. And though many of them undoubtedly are banal it is intentional—a big, bold, colourful banality that fascinates the onlooker, as a super-colossal Hollywood Biblical epic fascinates and overwhelms with preposterous enormity.

Don't take my word for it. Listen, instead, to one of these young artists, Derek Boshier, whose paintings look like enormous, gaudy coloured toffee papers: *All the images I use . . . come from a social*

condition or set-up, notably in advertising—the blown-up image, the "larger than life" kind of production. I like very much Dick Smith's idea of the largeness of things around us: "We can swim in a bowl of soup and live in a semi-detached packet of twenty."

Banalities itself, the banality of the pictorial cliché, is the subject of many of the paintings of Patrick Caulfield. His work is a visual form of deadpan satire whose targets range from degraded forms of classical art to the bastardised Cubism of poster art, from the art of the chocolate box top to the trite "hard-edge" abstraction that can be taken seriously even in such an exhibition as this one.

Fortunately most of these young artists are remarkably articulate about their work and are able to express in a direct and simple way what the critic will only guess at and then wrap up in obscure jargon. To those who want to "understand" their pictures they will

answer that there is nothing to "understand."

Why should I be interested in communication, I am neither a prophet nor a social worker, says Anthony Donaldson, who makes not-quite-repeat-patterns out of pin-ups simplified, according to Mr. Thompson, to avoid the banality of "expressiveness," but stressing all the more the banality of the pin-up picture. And Paul Huxley, whose pictures are all abstract, asserts, Paintings today should be about question-making not story-telling . . . painting can only be enlightening by posing questions and making reconnaissance trips rather than supplying answers.

As a whole *The New Generation: 1964* poses the big question, *Whither painting in Britain?*—and indicates that whatever lies ahead it is unlikely to be dull.

When writing last week about the Rutland Gallery's exhibition *Sea Painting in England*, I found myself regretting that few serious painters in this waterlogged island are inspired by the sea. We have still, of course, a great many picture-makers who go down to the sea and paint what they see in photographic-impressionist terms calculated to help boys

of all ages to sublimate the urge to run away to sea, but the artist who can express in terms of paint his response to the sea, is very rare.

Aspiring to be such a rarity is London-based American painter Chester Williams who is now showing, at the Drian Galleries, the successful products of a year's hard struggle with this formidable problem.

Williams has already made a high reputation as a portrait painter who can make a portrait that is both a good likeness and a good painting. In his marine-scenes, therefore, one might expect him to be concerned with "likenesses" of shipping, harbours, docks, lighthouses, etc., but instead he concentrates on a drastic simplification of the forms of these things so that they are virtually abstract shapes on a contrasting ground. Then a deft touch of colour that may be read as a pennant, or a light, or a buoy is so placed that, as if by magic (that magic that makes painting so fascinating a thing), the meaningless abstraction suddenly becomes a recognisable image—an extensive seascape, a harbour scene, ships in a swell—that evokes a specific atmosphere, a specific mood of the sea.

J. ROGER BAKER

on opera

FOR SUPER SINGERS ONLY

No one apologizes for *I Puritani*: setting aside for a moment Bellini's special style, the work has all the assets and defects of a showcase for singers. When he began it, Bellini was promised the services of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache and the vocal parts were devised to display the particular virtues of that legendary quartet. I see nothing very awful about this: opera is still ultimately a matter of singing.

The assets lie in the arias and ensembles themselves, each one is, to coin a phrase, a vocal gem. And Bellini could spin a vocal line of elegiac beauty with the best of them. Defects lie in the way the musical numbers are strung together, one is always conscious of an: "Oh it must be the baritone's turn now" sort of thought. Both Donizetti's *Lucia* and Bellini's earlier masterwork *Norma* have more musical interest and, moreover, have individual dramatic

power. *I Puritani* on the other hand is the ultimate in mellifluous music for super singers.

The story (I use the word merely for convenience) is about Elvira, daughter of a Puritan who lives in a castle near Plymouth. She is about to be married to a Cavalier, Lord Arthur. On his wedding eve Lord A. decides to postpone his nuptials in order to help Queen Henrietta (an incognito prisoner in the castle) to escape swathed in Elvira's wedding veil. Well, Lord A.'s rival sees the couple slinking out and reports this apparent betrayal to Elvira who promptly goes mad until the final curtain when Lord A. reappears (mission accomplished) and vows eternal love, celebrated in a jolly duet.

Now this would be all very well if the general standard of singing were high enough, but for the first staging of *I Puritani* at Covent Garden since 1887 only one artist possesses

the vocal equipment to justify the opera's exhumation: Joan Sutherland, of course. Her each entrance signalled a tightening of atmosphere in the house; we all woke up again and moved to the edge of our seats. And she is breathtaking: the polacca *Son vergin vezzosa* was fast and effortless; she carried the top line of the first act finale with a superbly controlled legato and the reprise of *Vien diletto* was decorated with perfectly placed trills, arpeggios and rapid scales. Grisi herself couldn't have been better.

Musically Miss Sutherland was no doubt helped by the presence of her husband Richard Bonynghe as conductor. No secret has ever been made of his training the soprano to take this type of part and on this occasion there was complete understanding between singer and conductor.

Unfortunately none of Miss Sutherland's companions on stage came anywhere near her level of achievement and consequently the opera fell into a slough of tedium between her marvellous appearances. I wouldn't wish to be too unjust to the gentlemen, who sang to a level that apparently

satisfied the gallery. Gabriel Bacquier, a French baritone making his debut here (he will sing *Scarpia* in the *Tosca* revival) never seemed to find his best voice; Charles Craig was robust and secure, but quite missed the smooth elegance demanded by the music; only Joseph Rouleau as Elvira's father, approached a bland Bellini style, his account of *Cinta di fiori* (describing Elvira's demented wanderings) made for the only memorable extra-Sutherland moment.

The sets by Franco Zeffirelli and costumes by Peter Hall were borrowed from a Palermo production; both seemed to me facetious and too reminiscent of *Mother Goose* at the Nottingham Theatre Royal, though the Puritan dresses, with those square white collars, made some good pictures against the pale grey fan vaulting of the castle (or was it a cathedral with the Albert Memorial in the back garden?).

We should, I suppose, be grateful for seeing Joan Sutherland at a state of perfection in whatever vehicle she chooses, but I still wish all that money, time and talent had been put to worthier use.

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ANOTHER TRIUMPH

Having had the opportunity of driving one of the new Triumph 2000's for a while I am convinced that it is among the most outstanding cars on the market. Selling at a figure only slightly above £1,000, it gives generously what the average motorist wants, particularly comfort. One feels at home immediately; the seats are welcoming in their soft feel and give support just where needed. Whoever designed them studied human contours, for a shape has been evolved which suits the majority of people and all my friends, both large and small, who sat in the Triumph 2000 were loud in praise of its seating comfort. A very useful feature of the two independent front seats is that the angle of their backs can be adjusted through a wide range. There is nevertheless quite a lot of legroom for the back passengers, though a little more headroom would be an advantage.

But to achieve the modern low look there usually has to be some sacrifice, and no one could deny that Michelotti—Triumph's Italian stylist—has made the 2000 a good-looker. The dipping bonnet line is real "mod," with a horizontal grille and twin headlamps on either side, just above it. The bumpers are not merely for show; they are genuinely sturdy and their knobbly overriders should be effective in warding off impacts from smaller or larger cars shunting in and out of car parks. I am glad to note that overall length has now been curtailed by the odd inch or so necessary to bring the Triumph 2000 into the 14 ft. 6 ins. rate on sea and air ferries, saving the owner pounds when taking the car abroad.

Six cylinder smoothness and flexibility make this an extremely pleasant car to drive, especially in traffic, where one can leave the gear in third and not only crawl along at around walking pace but accelerate briskly and quickly get into the 30's. The manual change model has a four-speed box operated by a short centrally placed stick, and there is synchromesh on all the gears; one can also have overdrive on this model as an optional extra. Automatic transmission is likewise available, but

without overdrive, if that is considered unnecessary.

The engine of the 2000 has been developed from the very successful 2-litre unit introduced several years ago to power the last of the Standard Vanguard range. It has therefore had time to become highly sophisticated insofar as its performance and reliability are concerned. The bore and stroke are nearly equal (74.7 by 76 millimetres); so it can almost be called "square" (this is not a derogatory term in motor engineering, but indicates that piston speed is kept down to a low rate and, with it, wear on the cylinder bores). Compression ratio, too, has been set at a figure—8½ to 1—which is in full keeping with everyday touring requirements, and not inordinately high in order to extract the last ounce of power, with ill-effects on easy handling.

Yet, despite the emphasis that is put on reliability and smoothness, the engine develops no less than 90 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m., very suitable for a car weighing about 23 cwt. A top speed exceeding 90 m.p.h. is possible, but I think that what most owners will appreciate most is the general "niceness" and great comfort of the car, which sells for £1,094 with standard gearbox, or £1,188 with Borg-Warner automatic transmission.

This 2000 is, of course, larger brother to the Triumph Herald, which has grown into one of the most popular cars on the market. Many owners of it

will, I am sure, welcome the extremely informative handbook which has just been written about it by Bill Hartley, whose weekly *Motoring* and the *Motorist* radio programme is widely listened to every Friday. Published by Odhams at 9s. 6d., this owner-driver handbook deals with all models of the Herald and Vitesse up to those of last year. It is clearly written and gives comprehensive information not only on routine servicing jobs such as lubrication but explains how to detect faults and rectify them. Any owner who possesses even modest mechanical skill and a reasonable kit of tools ought to be able to carry out most of the work described, and where special tools are needed they are listed.

There is also a useful chapter about licensing, insurance and the law, from which I extract a point some motorists do not seem to know. It is not necessary to report an accident to the police if no personal injuries have resulted, the parties have exchanged particulars, and the insurance certificate has been produced. Many motorists do not want to bother about reporting to the police when only minor damage such as scratches and dents has been sustained, but it is worth bearing in mind that, in the event of a claim being made to the insurers, the insurance company may demand to see a police report before agreeing to pay for any damage.

Finally, when a vehicle is stationary, it is an offence to display any light to the front exceeding 7 watts—a point overlooked by careless drivers who sometimes park their cars with headlamps or foglamps left alight.



Hard to fault — the Triumph 2000

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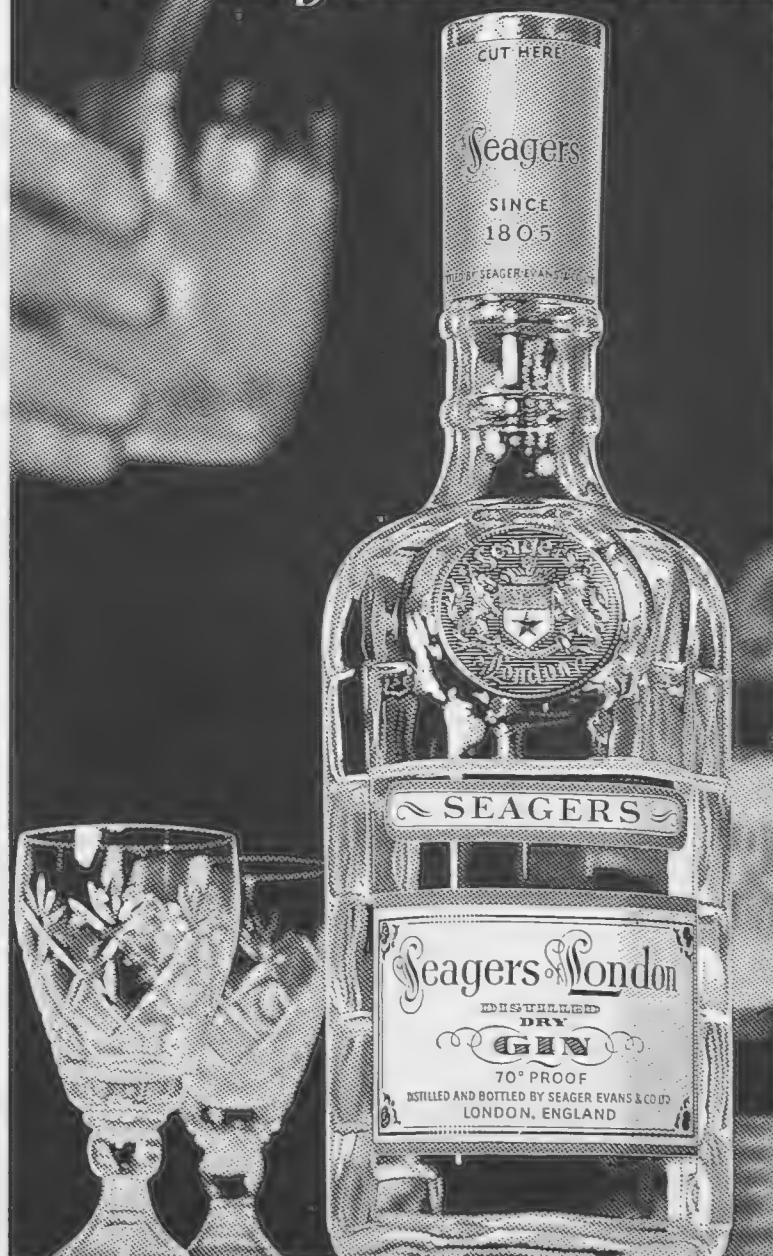
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Young spring green vegetables are already arriving from the Continent but, for some time, we have had such vegetables as thin green beans flown here from Kenya at 8s. a pound. This is not as expensive as it sounds because these beans are very light and there is hardly any waste so that half-a-pound will serve four persons.

But what made me feel that warmer weather was just around the corner was my first sight, this past week, of MANGE-TOUT peas—those delicious, almost flat ones, sweet as sugar and with a flavour of their own, which one consumes whole. They, too, arrived by air and cost 7s. a pound, and like the beans, because they are light for their bulk, the price is not exorbitant.

Larousse Gastronomique tells us that these *Pois Mange-tout* or sugar peas are "peas the pods of which have no parchment lining, so that they can be eaten seed, pod and all."

Top and tail them. Break into short pieces or leave them whole and then boil in slightly salted water as for young peas (about 15 minutes). Drain. Add a good-sized nut of butter, shake the pan over a low heat and the peas are ready for the table. For sweet-tooths, add a pinch of sugar with the butter.

Apart from imported vegetables, we have our own very good home-grown spring greens. Plainly boiled, with every vestige of water pressed out and topped with a knob of butter, they are delicious, but the Chinese way is very pleasant and probably new to many. For four servings, you will need 1 to 1½ lb. of spring greens or any green cabbage. Cut into pieces about 2 by 1½ inches (though there is no need to be too exact). Wash and drain them. Crush a clove of garlic and cut a slice of green ginger into strips.

Heat a tablespoon of corn oil or peanut oil in a frying-pan. Add the garlic, cook it to a warm gold and then discard it. Add the ginger and the prepared vegetable and stir quickly to give it the benefit of both the heat and the oil. After 1 to 2 minutes, add a dessertspoon of ginger sherry (see below) and cook for a further minute or two. Now add 3 tablespoons of chicken

stock (chicken bouillon cube and water will do), a tiny pinch each of salt, sugar and monosodium glutamate and ½ teaspoon of soy sauce. Stir well together.

Push the greens to one side of the pan. Stir into the liquid ½ teaspoon of cornflour blended with a dessertspoon of water and cook for a minute. Finally, toss the greens about in the mixture then turn them into a heated platter and serve.

This dish can be cooked in less than 8 minutes. The Chinese do not cook their vegetables until they are soft but prefer to have them on the crisp side.

Let me explain the use of ginger sherry and monosodium glutamate.

GINGER SHERRY is used in many Chinese dishes, especially fish ones. It is a good idea to have a supply on hand. Fresh ginger is required, from those shops or emporiums that sell Oriental goods. Cut 1 oz. of it into small pieces. Place them in a bottle with 8-fluid-ounce capacity and fill up with a medium sherry. Leave to infuse for several days.

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The purpose of monosodium glutamate is to enhance and accentuate the flavour of foods to which it is added. Home cooks, in the wake of food manufacturers, are realizing more and more its virtue and it is growing in popularity. Like all seasonings and flavourings, a little goes a long way, and this calls for a certain discretion in its use.

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HARRODS 'TERYLENE'

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Spotted shirtwaister – in
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In the picture, one of
Nassau's characteristic surreys
on Colonial beach.





HARRODS

'TERYLENE'



From left to right -

Styled for Summer - man's light-weight suit in 55% 'Terylene'/45% worsted. Blue-grey - with special summer styling - note the patch pockets. £21.

Stitched three-piece - top, skirt and jacket in the marvellous blend of 'Terylene' and linen. In white, red or navy with contrast stitching, exclusive to Harrods. 17½ gns.

The background, a colourful wood frame house in Nassau.

Carefree jacket and trousers - the navy jacket is in 55% 'Terylene' with 45% wool, light and part lined; the trousers are slim line in 67% 'Terylene' and 33% linen. Jacket 13 gns. Trousers £6. 15.

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Seen on the terrace at the Ocean Club, Paradise Island.





HARRODS 'TERYLENE'



From left to right—
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She's wearing a print jacket in 'Terylene' lawn lined with towelling which is exclusive to Harrods. 5½ gns.

He's wearing quick dry two-tone swim shorts in 'Crimplene'. Black, red or sky with white. 35/-

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Long shirt and short shorts - new for Summer '64. Shirt in 100% 'Terylene' crepe, pink and blue, and plain white shorts in 67% 'Terylene'/33% cotton, Bedford cord weave. Shirt 5½ gns. Shorts 67/6

The great beach panorama was photographed on Harbour Island.



HARRODS 'TERYLENE'



From left to right —
Finely tucked bodice distinguishes this dress in 100% 'Terylene' soufflé crepe, with a slightly high waist. Only at Harrods. 8½ gns.

Tie-belted dress in pink, royal or green on white, 100% 'Terylene' crepe. Has perky American headkerchief with under-chin tie to match. Exclusive to Harrods. 6½ gns.

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The exotic, leafy background is the tropical garden of the Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau.

HARRODS
'TERYLENE'



White evening tuxedo,
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Trousers 7½ gns.

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It was inevitable that, once Shakespeare had been accepted as the world's supreme poetic genius, the industry of scholars and commentators would be turned towards supplementing the meagre details available on the man behind the plays—as if it mattered. Art reveals only itself or the spectator—rarely the artist, except in guarded moments. Shakespeare in particular seems personally isolated from his work. It would be going beyond the evidence to affirm that the many references to flowers, wild and cultivated, trees and herbs in Shakespeare revealed a love and knowledge of them dating from his Warwickshire boyhood. He might have lifted it all from the botanists, for he was a habitual borrower.

One thing only is certain—that Shakespeare knew absolutely the exquisite effects obtainable—of artistic contrast, the creation of a mood and so on—by using the names of flowers, always beautiful and evocative in the English language, in the speeches of his characters.

Perdita's "Daffodils, that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty" is one of the hundreds to be found. Rose references abound: for instance, Hamlet's "Provencial roses" during the play scene, and the

musk roses which canopied the bank of wild thyme in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Hamlet's "Provencial rose" must have been the old cabbage rose, full of scent, with great globular blooms, variously known as *R. Provincialis*, *R. Provence* (it is actually pink) and *R. Centifolia*. The cabbage rose had been established in England long before Shakespeare's time for Chaucer knew it. Later developments produced a large number of varieties including the *Yellow Provence* and the *White Provence*, *R. Provincialis Alba*. But the old cabbage is the variety grown in the gardens of the Elizabethan age.

Various Damask roses, still obtainable today, were also among those in cultivation in Shakespeare's time. The semi-double form of this rose was introduced by the Crusaders, who, according to tradition, brought it from Damascus. One of the rarest is the *Velvet Rose*, often classed as a *Gallica*, and mentioned by Masson. It is most spectacular, having semi-double flowers of a velvety black wine colour, very brilliant, and a central disc of bright golden anthers. Another ancient rose is the *Apothecary's Rose*, a semi-double, crimson *Gallica*. All these roses are fragrant, and their flowering period is June-July.



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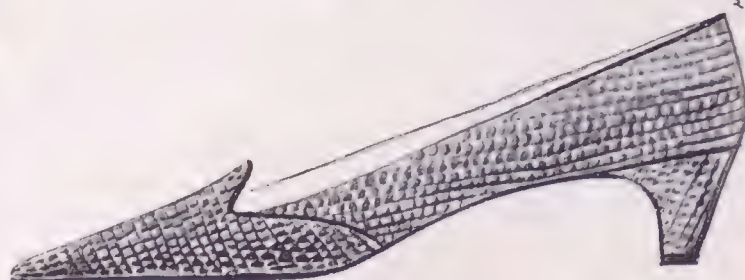
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2 Miss Virginia Susan Tomkinson to Mr. William Andrew Evans, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson, of Hilborough, The Warren, Kingswood, Surrey. He is the son of Major-General R. Evans, C.B., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Evans, of The Grove, Stocklinch, Ilminster, Somerset*

4 Miss Angela Mary Bellew to Captain Simon Hugh Walford. *She is the daughter of Mr. J. B. Bellew, of London, and Mrs. Bellew, of Barneath Castle, Dunleer, Co. Louth. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. H. C. Walford, 17th/21st Lancers, and of Mrs. B. J. Fowler, Rahinston, Enfield, Co. Meath*

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3 Nicholson-Leitch: Gwydwr Ann, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Nicholson, of Moor Park, Herts, was married to Michael John, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Leitch, of Ferring, Sussex, at Chelsea Old Church

4 Stanton-Mitford-Slade: Anne Catharine, daughter of Mr. A. H. Stanton, M.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Stanton, of Brakeys, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, was married to Captain Patrick Buxton Mitford-Slade, 60th Rifles, son of Colonel and Mrs. C. T. Mitford-Slade, of Montys Court, Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton, Somerset, at St. Andrew's Church, Hatfield Peverel



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